

THE DEBT

by

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We are in darkness. Then a DOOR opens ahead of us and slides to one side revealing an oval of brilliant white light.

Slowly we TRACK FORWARD towards the harsh light, until we move through the opening and find ourselves at the top of an AIRPLANE STAIRWAY, which lead down to the runway below, and two lines of waiting DIGNITARIES.

REBECCA (V.O.)

We shouldn't forget how young they were.

The DIGNITARIES look up at us and one by one begin to applaud. There is NO SOUND.

REVERSE

Three YOUNG PEOPLE begin their descent towards the WELCOME PARTY.

They are STEPHEN GOLD, thick-set, capable...

REBECCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My father, Stephen Gold was twenty nine years when he was awarded his Order Ribbon.

...DAVID PERETZ, dark-haired and pale faced, his arm in a SLING.

REBECCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

David Peretz had turned twenty eight whilst on the mission.

Last of all comes RACHEL SINGER - pretty, painfully young looking. A surgical dressing covers half her face.

REBECCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My mother was even younger. Only twenty five. They received a hero's welcome and my mother in particular was to become a symbol of Israeli courage. All this, despite the fact that they had failed.

Rachel blinks against the sunlight, takes out a pair of sunglasses and slips them on. She walks down the stairs, behind the two men.

CUT TO:

2 CLOSE ON OLDER RACHEL

2

...now 59. Handsome, impeccably groomed. A long crooked SCAR runs down one side of her face. She's wearing tinted glasses, staring at us, listening to Rebecca speak.

REBECCA (O.S)

After all the mission's objective had been to capture Vogel and return him to Israel to face trial. Instead the mission had ended in his death on the streets of East Berlin. But this was not what was celebrated.

CUT TO:

3 CLOSE ON YOUNG RACHEL

3

...reaching the bottom of the stairs, waiting behind the two men as they begin to move down the line of DIGNITARIES, shaking hands. She stares at the ground.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Rather it was their youth itself that became a symbol. Here were the children who had faced Israel's greatest nightmare, her greatest pain...

It's Rachel's turn. Still looking down, she manages a smile, a bob of her head, reaches out to shake the first hand...

4 CLOSE ON OLDER RACHEL

4

...lost in the memory.

REBECCA (O.S.)

...and in the simple act of facing the Monster, had helped to vanquish it.

REVERSE

Rachel's daughter - REBECCA - stands at a podium, speaking to a rather large audience who have come for the launch of her first book.

She's thirty, plainer than her mother, a little awkward.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 3. 4

The cover image from the book is projected on the wall behind Rebecca - a black and white photograph of a young Rachel, David and Stephen. Above their faces, the title - *In Our Hands*.

Rebecca, having finished reading, looks for her mother in the audience...

REBECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This book is dedicated to my
inspiration. My mother, Rachel
Singer.

People around Rachel begin to applaud, the sound almost startling her. Automatically she gives the same bob of the head, acknowledging the applause.

Rebecca, cheeks burning with a mixture of embarrassment and emotion, hasn't finished yet. She locks eyes with her mother.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Mother, I'm so very proud to be
your daughter.

More applause. Rachel manages to smile.

5 LATER 5

Rachel moves against the tide of the audience with a fixed social smile, murmuring thanks to well-wishers, trying to get out, trying not to look like she's trying to get out...

6 EXT. TEL AVIV - SEA-FRONT HOTEL - PATIO - EARLY EVENING 6

She emerges onto the empty patio, slides the door shut behind her, muffling the chatter from the room beyond. She lights a cigarette, inhales greedily, trying to calm down. She stares at the sun blazing over the Mediterranean ahead of her. Her glasses darken against the reflected glare.

Behind her Rebecca appears talking to one of the guests. She nods at something he says but her eyes slide to her mother, watching her from behind the glass of the patio doors.

7 EXT. TEL AVIV- OLD PORT - EARLY EVENING 7

A run-down section of the city. A car pulls up outside a shabby APARTMENT BLOCK. A YOUNG MOSSAD AGENT gets out and heads into the block.

8 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK WALKWAY - EARLY EVENING 8

The Young Agent knocks at one of the apartment doors. After a moment it is answered by OLDER DAVID, now 62.

YOUNG AGENT

David Peretz?

David looks at this young version of himself.

DAVID

Yes.

The Agent holds out an ENVELOPE.

YOUNG AGENT

You were expecting me?

David takes the envelope, stares down at it.

DAVID

Yes. I was expecting you.

YOUNG AGENT

I'm to wait for you, sir.

DAVID

(Beat)

I'll just be a moment.

He walks back into his apartment, closes the door.

9 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 9

The place is a mess. David clears a space on the table and opens the envelope. Inside are two PASSPORTS and various documents. He opens one passport - his picture with a different name. He stares at his image.

We hear the opening of *House of the Rising Sun* by the Animals.

10 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER 10

The Young Agent leans against the wall smoking. David suddenly re-emerges from his apartment, carrying his jacket and the envelope.

DAVID

Let's go.

TITLES BEGIN

11 EXT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS 11

As the song continues we TRACK with David, CLOSE on his face as the two men begin the long walk down the staircase.

He doesn't say anything to his companion, doesn't look around him, and we HOLD on that face as his mind tries to catch up, tries to work something out, to decide...

12 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 12

Still on David as the two men walk down the street towards the Agent's parked car, the song building and building.

13 AGENT'S CAR 13

We reach the car and the Agent gets in. David opens the passenger door takes off his jacket and puts it inside.

He drops the envelope onto the passenger seat, stands for a moment, hands on hips, squinting up at the sun.

DAVID
(Indistinctly)
Sorry.

The Agent leans across the seat.

YOUNG AGENT
What, sir?

DAVID
(Beat)
I think I...

He stands like that for a moment and then suddenly STEPS OUT INTO THE ROAD in front of an on-coming TRUCK. The impact sweeps him out of the frame.

We hold on the shocked Agent, still leaning across the seat as the song slows to a halt.

TITLES END.

14 INT. REBECCA'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING 14

Friends from the launch are arriving at Rebecca's comfortable, bookish home.

Rachel has just arrived and stands at a mirror, tidying her hair.

She studies with detachment the scar which runs UNDISGUISED the length of her cheek.

15 KITCHEN

15

Rebecca stands with her HUSBAND, who is a little drunk. He stares through the doorway to where Rachel can be seen in the hallway.

REBECCA'S HUSBAND

(Bitterly)

Has she even read it?

Rebecca doesn't answer, busies herself getting drinks.

16 INT. REBECCA'S STUDY

16

Rachel comes into the room, crosses to the desk and sits down. From the other room we can hear music and laughter.

She takes out her cigarettes lights one, staring at something on the desk.

HER P.O.V - the desk is strewn with Rachel's research material and there, lying on top, is an OLD MAGAZINE with a cover photograph of her young self, under the title *The New Face of Israel*.

Rachel stares at the cover, begins to lift the magazine then FREEZES.

Beneath, half concealed by more papers is a black and white photograph of a YOUNG MAN in NAZI UNIFORM. We see his half-concealed face staring up at us. The photograph is titled: KLAUS VOGEL, "*The Surgeon of Birkenau*."

Rachel stares at the photograph.

Sensing something she suddenly turns to the doorway.

A THREE YEAR OLD BOY stands watching her - something UNNERVING in his direct gaze.

Rachel stares back at him in silence.

Rebecca appears behind the boy.

REBECCA

Now you march back up stairs.

The boy is still staring at Rachel. Rebecca notices.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Who's that? That's Grandma. Say good night now. Say "Good night Grandma."

The boy turns and trots away. Rebecca joins her mother, notices the papers on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

I didn't want to smoke in the kitchen.

REBECCA

You shouldn't smoke at all. (*The papers*) I meant to clear this all up. (Beat) You could have stayed here.

RACHEL

You've got a full house with your friends. The hotel's fine.

REBECCA

Are you sure you have to go back tomorrow?

RACHEL

It's arranged.

REBECCA

But we'll have lunch before you go? The restaurant on the beach?

She picks up a copy of her BOOK from the desk, looks at it, trying to sound casual.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'd like you to see more of him.

Rachel stubs her cigarette out, ill-at-ease.

RACHEL

Well, I'll be back. We can...the holidays or...

REBECCA

(Suddenly)

Are you angry with me?

RACHEL

(Beat)

Why would I be angry with you?

REBECCA

About the book. I...I felt that maybe you were.

RACHEL

No. Of course I'm not angry. It's a wonderful achievement. I'm very... proud.

She smiles, starts to get up...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

...proud, and...

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca hasn't finished.

REBECCA

I feel like you resent me
writing it, and, and I really
don't understand why
because...you've talked about
what happened my whole life.
I've listened to you on the
radio, I've read the magazines,
I've...

RACHEL

That was different. That was...

She tries to think of what to say next.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I didn't want you involved.

She looks again at the photograph of Vogel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I didn't want him to be part of
your life.

REBECCA

He is part of my life. You can't
re-write history mother.

Rachel looks at her, a little startled.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(Smiling)

I worked it out, when I was
writing the book. The dates. You
and father in East Berlin. You
don't have to be embarrassed.
So you see...I am involved.
After all...

She holds up the cover for Rachel to see - the three
young people, Rachel in the middle.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

...I was there too.

Rachel stares at her.

Through the windows we can see a dinner party taking
place at a table by the pool.

Rebecca is preparing the dessert. Rachel is cutting
lemons.

(CONTINUED)

She is about to walk out and re-join the dinner party when she stops noticing a newcomer arriving at the table - an older man in a WHEELCHAIR. This is OLDER STEPHEN, now 63. Rachel's face hardens.

RACHEL

I thought your father couldn't come?

Rebecca looks up in surprise, smiles to see him.

REBECCA

So did I. He said he was abroad.

She walks out to greet him. Rachel hesitates then follows her.

The table is laughing at something Stephen has just said. He is holding a copy of *In Our hands*. He looks up smiling as Rebecca kisses his cheek.

REBECCA

You came.

STEPHEN

Of course I came. At my age you never know if this is your last party invitation. So you're the famous author I've heard so much about?

Rachel arrives and takes her seat.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(Without looking)

Rachel.

RACHEL

Stephen.

STEPHEN

(To Rebecca)

Now you're the expert, maybe you could tell me something. Who's this handsome devil on the cover?

There is good-natured laughter from the table.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

How did it go?

REBECCA'S HUSBAND

She was wonderful.

Stephen holds out the book to her.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN

Read something for your father.

Rebecca pushes the book away with a laugh.

REBECCA

The author is finished for the evening. You read something.

STEPHEN

Ah, if only I'd brought my reading glasses.

REBECCA'S HUSBAND

(A little drunk)

I think Rachel should read something.

Rebecca flashes a look at him, but he's all innocence.

REBECCA'S HUSBAND (CONT'D)

I think that would be...(To the other guests) Wouldn't that be...?

There is a chorus of approval from the other guests.

Stephen smiles then silently he holds the book across the table to Rachel. It's the first time they've looked at each other. The table quietens down.

RACHEL

(Beat)

Oh, I think...

STEPHEN

Sing for your supper.

There is another ripple of laughter and Rachel obligingly smiles, but her eyes are suddenly ice cold. She takes the book, opens it, searches through the chapters. Rebecca watches, a little nervous, not sure where this might lead.

REBECCA

Perhaps you could read the section where...?

RACHEL

(reading)

"On the evening of the 31st of December, it began to rain heavily.

Young Rachel stands in the small kitchen. Rain lashes on the window.

(CONTINUED)

11.
19 CONTINUED: 19

She stares out at some FIREWORKS exploding nearby, then turns away and begins to gather three METAL SAUCEPANS from the shelves.

We TRACK with her as she walks into the...

20 LIVING ROOM 20

And begins to place the pots on the floor to catch the rainwater which is dripping through various points in the ceiling.

As she positions the last pot we REVOLVE around her to get our first view of the far wall. And there, tied to a radiator, is Klaus Vogel, now 50. He's bound, his mouth taped, apparently asleep.

Rachel doesn't, of course, react to this sight. We TRACK with her as she walks back into the kitchen and begins to clear away a broken bowl. From the living room comes the three distinct PINGS of rainwater dripping in the pots.

She stops suddenly, puzzled. It's a moment before she works out what she's noticed - something has changed in the sound of the rainwater next door.

There are only two drips instead of three.

She walks back into the living room and stares in puzzlement at the overturned pot which is no longer catching water. Behind her we can see that Vogel is NO LONGER THERE.

She turns and...it's too late. Vogel is standing directly in front of her. Before she can even cry out he has slashed her face open with a RAZOR.

Instinctively she cups her hands to her ripped face. Vogel grabs her by the hair and stepping behind her, tries to worm his other hand underneath her raised arms to reach her throat with the razor. Rachel screams and grapples desperately, pulling the hand up to her mouth and biting savagely down on it.

Vogel drops the razor with a yell and, side-stepping Rachel grabs her head and rams her face-first into the wall. The impact cracks plaster and Rachel drops stunned to the floor.

Vogel turns to go, but Rachel, her face a mask of blood, twists around and grabs his legs. Vogel stumbles, manages to pull a leg free and stamps down on Rachel who lets go with a moan. He stamps again, steps free and kicks her hard. He kicks her again.

(CONTINUED)

12.

20 CONTINUED: 20

RACHEL'S P.O.V - LOW ANGLE - Vogel's feet as he stands beside us, breathing hard. Then he turns and walks from the room.

21 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE LOBBY. NIGHT. 21

Vogel begins to run down the spiral staircase of the apartment building.

22 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT. 22

Rachel lies motionless. Then a cough. And another. And finally she rolls over, holding her gaping cheek with one hand, and drags herself to a CHEST OF DRAWERS.

Tugging one open, she pulls out a GUN fitted with a silencer, and pulls herself over to the nearest window.

An urgent struggle with the sash window - it won't open. Down on the street below, we see Vogel bursting from the building and running away.

A final, last-chance effort, and Rachel has the window open. Her P.O.V is blurred, the gun in her hand shaking in the foreground as, in the distance, the figure of Vogel gets smaller, disappearing into shadows.

There is a sudden flash from an overhead FIREWORK and for a moment Vogel is illuminated once more...

Rachel raises the gun, and - just as Vogel is about to disappear forever - she FIRES. A single shot. And, improbably, incredibly, the tiny figure of Vogel drops.

Rachel lowers the gun in disbelief

23 EXT. REBECCA'S HOUSE - EVENING 23

Rachel finishes reading and puts the book down.

Nobody moves. The air of *bonhomie* has been replaced by an uneasy silence. Stephen stares at her.

24 I/E. STEPHEN'S CAR - NIGHT 24

Stephen is driving fast, Rachel beside him. Tel Aviv races by in neon smears.

RACHEL
You're driving too fast.

STEPHEN
I like driving fast. It's compensation.

He is still uses his customary light, bantering tone, but there's something else - a nervous strain that he can't quite hide. They overtake another car.

RACHEL

(Irritated)

Slow down. Or let me out and I'll get a cab.

STEPHEN

It's my car, Rachel. You got the house, remember?

Rachel is going to reply but changes her mind. They drive in silence for a moment.

RACHEL

You talked to Rebecca.

STEPHEN

When?

RACHEL

For the book. She said you were "very helpful."

STEPHEN

Why shouldn't I talk to her?

RACHEL

Because it's the past. Because it's done. Why, on earth, you would want to help her bring it all up again...

She looks out of the window.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

How much higher in Mossad can you go?

STEPHEN

(Quietly)

Poor Rachel, celebrity has been such a burden hasn't it? All the admiration, the interviews... You've built your whole fucking life on what happened.

He glances at her face.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Never tried to do anything about the scar did you? Not even make-up. Your badge of honour. Your...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

His voice cracks for a second and he stops. Rachel turns to him, sees suddenly something awful in his face.

RACHEL

Stephen? (Beat) What? What's the matter?

Stephen slows down , finally pulls over. He sits staring ahead for a moment, combs his hair back with his fingers. Rachel watches him in silence.

STEPHEN

Something's happened.

25 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

Stephen sits in the middle of the squalid living room, lost in thought. Behind him we can see the Young Mossad Agent standing guard at the front door.

26 BEDROOM

26

Rachel walks slowly through the room, taking it all in - the little islands of occupation, the places where David sat, read, slept. Piles of newspapers. Used cups. A mound of laundry...

ON Rachel as she looks about her, trying to find traces of the man she knew. But there's nothing personal here. These are the rooms of a man who had no real home.

As Rachel looks around her we hear YOUNG RACHEL HUMMING...

CUT TO:

27 EXT. EAST BERLIN - FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - DAY -THE PAST

27

A busy station - the "Tear Palace," where East meets West. We're CLOSE on Young Rachel walking towards passport control. She's scared and HUMS tunelessly to herself.

28 BACK ON OLDER RACHEL

28

...as she walks out of the bedroom and into the hall.

29 FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - THE PAST

29

RACHEL'S P.O.V

We're looking at a CROWD of people waiting beyond passport control for their loved ones.

(CONTINUED)

15.

29 CONTINUED: 29

They're all looking eagerly at us. Only one YOUNG MAN has his back to us, turning away to light a cigarette.

Then he turns - Young David - a fine, sensitive face, darkly shadowed eyes. A moment when we see how anxious he is to play his part right. Then he smiles...

30 BACK ON OLDER RACHEL 30

...walking down the hall.

31 FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - THE PAST 31

David kissing Rachel.

DAVID
(German)
How was your trip darling?

RACHEL
(German)
Fine. Everyone sends their love.

DAVID
You've cut your hair.

32 BACK ON OLDER RACHEL 32

...as she walks into the bathroom and switches on the light.

33 INT. EAST BERLIN - SAFE HOUSE. DAY - THE PAST 33

The place looks like a squat. Rachel and David walk into the living room.

YOUNG STEPHEN sits waiting at the upright piano. On seeing them he plays a few bars of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

David and Rachel stand in the doorway - every inch the young married couple, both blushing furiously, Stephen laughing.

34 BACK ON OLDER RACHEL 34

...as she looks around the filthy bathroom.

35 INT. SAFE HOUSE - RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 35

Rachel sits on her bed listening to the indistinct murmur of the men's voices from the room next door. We hear Stephen humming the Wedding March.

(CONTINUED)

- 35 CONTINUED: 35
- There is a muffled retort from David. Rachel leans towards the wall, trying to hear more but there's only silence.
- 36 BACK ON OLDER RACHEL 36
- ...as she catches her reflection in the mirror, stares at herself.
- 37 EXT. EAST BERLIN - STREET. DAY - THE PAST 37
- Young Rachel and David, playing husband and wife, walking away from the station, David holding her suitcase, holding hands.
- DAVID
(Quietly)
Sorry. About the kiss. I'm David.
- Rachel nods, embarrassed. CLOSE on the hands as after a moment, David LETS GO.
- 38 BACK ON OLDER RACHEL 38
- ...as she begins to cry.
- 39 LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39
- Stephen sits listening to her breaking down.
- 40 LIVING ROOM - LATER 40
- Rachel and Stephen sit on the couch.
- RACHEL
Why did he do it?
- Stephen looks at her, considering. Then he pulls out an ENVELOPE and gives it to her.
- She stares at him then opens the envelope, takes out the documents that David had been given. She opens one of the PASSPORTS - his photograph, under a different name.
- RACHEL (CONT'D)
What does this mean? What is this supposed to mean?
- STEPHEN
In the envelope.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel checks the envelope again, takes from it a LETTER. She reads it.

She looks up at him.

CUT TO:

Rachel sits drinking coffee with David and Stephen in the pale, morning sun.

Supered TITLES read "*East Berlin, 1965.*"

STEPHEN

Where have you come from?

RACHEL

Chile.

STEPHEN

Really? Whereabouts?

RACHEL

Santiago.

STEPHEN

What were you doing there?

RACHEL

My husband is an Industrial Chemist.

Stephen glances at David, amused.

STEPHEN

He does look like a chemist.
(Beat) What were you doing before this?

RACHEL

Before Chile we lived in Hungary where my husband studied...

Stephen stares at her, smiling. She realizes he's talking about Mossad.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh...Liaison.

STEPHEN

And what did you do in Liaison?

RACHEL

(Beat)
Translator.

Stephen nods, sips his coffee, even more amused.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN

(Murmuring)

First time in the field. Welcome
to *Metsada*.

Rachel feels herself blush a little angrily.

RACHEL

(Resuming)

Before Chile we lived in Hungary
where my husband studied at
Szeged university and...

She stops. Stephen has seen something over her shoulder
and although he barely reacts she notices and stiffens.
Instinctively she begins to turn her head but David
slips an arm around her shoulder.

DAVID

(Softly)

Don't turn.

RACHEL'S P.O.V - In the CAFE WINDOW we can see a
distorted REFLECTION of a CAR pulling up across the
street. A tall MAN gets out - elongated further by the
angle of the window, so that he seems to tower over
them. We catch a glimpse of the long black coat, a hat
pulled low over the face. He makes his way up steps,
shrinking as he does so and disappears into a building.
Then the sun comes out again and light wipes the
window.

Rachel sits, chilled by this, her first glimpse of
Vogel.

INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - RACHEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Giving up on trying to sleep, Rachel rises from the
bed, throws on a robe and pads out of the room...

INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

...and into the dining room. She sits down at the
table, stares at a FILE before her. She hesitates then
opens it, forces herself to look at the terrible
PHOTOGRAPHS inside - a pile of severed legs, bodies
covered in mustard gas wounds, phosphorus burns, a
naked woman, barely a skeleton, held up by two Nazi
nurses, a row of DEAD BABIES, rulers laid beside them
to indicate dimensions...

Rachel stares at this last image, overwhelmed.

She sits staring at him.

44 HALLWAY 44

David stands watching her through the half open door. He makes a small move - perhaps to go to her - then stops himself and slips back into the darkness.

45 EXT. STREET - MORNING 45

Rachel and David walk towards Vogel's surgery, holding hands. She's pale, very frightened. David walks, trying, and failing, to think of anything to say to her.

He suddenly notices an odd sound. It's Rachel, humming tunelessly to herself, very low. Something about this pierces him. He gives her hand a squeeze.

46 OUTSIDE SURGERY 46

The steps we saw reflected in the window. The two stand halfway up the stairs, their husband and wife routine.

DAVID
(In German)
I'll wait for you, dear.

She nods, trying to smile.

RACHEL
I won't...

Her throat is too tight. She coughs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Won't be long.

She turns to go. David has walked down a step, but she looks so young, lost... He turns and trots back up to her, kisses her cheek then walks quickly away. Rachel walks up the steps towards the entrance.

47 INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY. 47

Rachel sits staring at the frosted glass door to the doctor's surgery. Indistinct shadows move on the other side.

She turns to look at the other two women sitting looking through magazines, then back to the door. A shadow darkens as it approaches the glass, then the door opens and a NURSE leans out.

(All dialogue at the clinic is in German, subtitled.)

NURSE
Frau Roget?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

With a smile, the Nurse gestures for Rachel to enter.

48 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

48

Rachel stands behind a SCREEN, trying to control her nerves. All we can hear is the sound of RUNNING WATER and Rachel's tense breathing. Finally she takes off her skirt and unbuttons her blouse with trembling fingers. She puts on the gown, and slips out of her underpants, stumbling as she steps out of them.

We TRACK with her as she walks out from behind the screen into the large brightly lit room. She walks towards the GYNAECOLOGICAL CHAIR at the centre of the room. On the far wall someone stands with their back to us, washing their hands at a basin.

As she walks, Rachel passes a tray of MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS, her glance lingering on it.

She reaches the chair and climbs onto it. A pause and then, tentatively, she lifts her feet into the stirrups, tugging the gown to cover herself as best she can.

She tries to steady her breathing, focussing on the ceiling. A bright surgery LIGHT swings overhead.

The LIGHT blazes down at us. We hear footsteps approach.

Rachel closes her eyes.

VOGEL

Good morning, Frau Roget. I'm
Doctor Bernhardt.

Rachel opens her eyes. Vogel is sitting on a small stool, taking a speculum from the tray of instruments, his back to us.

RACHEL

Good morning, doctor.

He turns and smiles at us - and he has a wonderful, warm smile, the air of a gruff but kindly Uncle.

VOGEL

Alright now, just relax. We're
going to do a little
examination. If you feel at all
uncomfortable, you just say.
Alright?

She manages to nod.

(CONTINUED)

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Alright, this is my hand... and this is the speculum. It's going to feel cold.

Rachel reacts as Vogel pushes the speculum into place, opens it and begins the examination. She stares up into the light.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Can I ask how old you are?

RACHEL

Twenty five.

VOGEL

And how long have you and your husband been trying for a baby?

RACHEL

Nearly two years.

VOGEL

Uhuh. Well, the ovaries look fine. Alright, let's see... your cervix is slightly retroverted. Tilted backwards?

Rachel raises her hand to her LOCKET NECKLACE and begins to fiddle with it.

RACHEL

Really?

The angle from which we next see VOGEL, and the way the image of his face freezes in black and white, tells us clearly that this locket conceals a CAMERA DEVICE.

VOGEL

Mmm. But that generally shouldn't affect fertility.

RACHEL

Oh, good.

VOGEL

You have a slight accent, Frau Roget. Where are you from?

He looks up at her and Rachel instinctively moves her hand away from the locket.

RACHEL

Argentina.

Vogel nods, looks away again. Rachel realises her mistake, bites down on a wave of panic.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

We just moved here... A few months ago.

VOGEL

Whereabouts in Argentina? Buenos Aires?

RACHEL

Yes.

He turns back to the instrument tray.

VOGEL

Oh, Buenos Aires. Beautiful. I went once, when I was young. We went to the Opera house I remember. What's it called again?

Rachel stares at the light. Beat.

RACHEL

Teatro Colon.

He turns back to her, holding a swab, the warm smile.

VOGEL

That's right. Beautiful. This might sting a little, dear.

Rachel winces.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Now, there's a couple of tests we need to run, make sure there are no problems. Is that alright?

Rachel nods. He pats her hand.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Brave girl.

Rachel finishes dressing and walks out from behind the screen and then stops - Vogel stands, waiting.

VOGEL

You're very nervous, Frau Roget.

Rachel doesn't know what to say.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Let me show you something.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

He takes her hand and leads her across the room to a DOOR.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Some of my successes.

He opens the door to reveal a small OFFICE. And there above the desk is a large NOTICE BOARD covered with photographs of grateful smiling MOTHERS holding their NEWBORN BABIES - row upon row of new life.

Rachel stares at the photographs.

50 EXT. OUTSIDE SURGERY - DAY

50

Rachel walks out looking pale and finds David waiting, smoking. He takes her hand and they walk off without speaking.

51 QUIET STREET

51

The two turn onto the quiet street.

CLOSE on their hands. After a moment David LETS GO. They walk on.

52 EXT. CAFE - DAY

52

Stephen sits at a table. Rachel and David appear beside him and join him. There is an awkward silence for a moment. Stephen sips his coffee.

STEPHEN

So. Everything...?

RACHEL

(Abruptly)

Next appointment is on Wednesday.

She looks at David but he is staring at the table, like Stephen he is uncomfortable with the thought of what Rachel has been through.

She takes his hand. He looks up, searches her face, seems about to say something. But then Rachel lets go and walks off towards the toilets.

David looks down at the SILVER LOCKET lying in his palm.

53 INT. CINEMA - EVENING

53

CLOSE ON SCREEN - BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE

(CONTINUED)

A RUNNER is ahead of us on a field. As we watch we get closer, gaining on him.

The REVERSE shows a young TOM COURTENAY running for all he's worth to overtake the other runner. We're watching *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, dubbed into German.

Rachel and David sit in the darkened auditorium watching the film, both intensely aware of the proximity of the other.

David leans back in the seat, surreptitiously watching Rachel's profile in the flickering light of the screen.

Rachel stares at the screen, aware he's looking at her, waiting...

Then David gets up and slips out of the row of seats. After a moment Rachel follows him.

Stephen leans against the roof parapet, smoking in the faint drizzle.

David and Rachel appear and join him. Stephen passes a small pair of binoculars to David who raises them, staring over the edge of the roof at something. Rachel follows his gaze.

RACHEL'S P.O.V - we're looking over at BORNHOLMER STRASSE STATION a block or so away - dimly lit, eerie in the misty rain.

STEPHEN

(To David)

Hundred yards up from the platform, on the left. It's a gate for track maintenance.

Rachel watches as an S-Bahn train appears and trundles through the station without stopping, disappearing into the gloom.

RACHEL

It's closed?

DAVID

(looking through binoculars)

Ghost station. West Berlin trains pass through, but don't stop.

Stephen stubs out his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

STEPHEN

Usually.

Rachel stares over at the station.

55 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

55

Rachel sits in an empty carriage on the train, lit by the sickly yellow overhead lights, the vague dark blur of Berlin passing beyond her window.

The train thunders into a tunnel, slows, stops.

Rachel stares straight ahead. Outside nothing but blackness.

Then a second train begins to slowly roll past from the opposite direction - each brightly lit carriage is empty.

Finally a carriage rolls past and stops - a single PASSENGER in the window drawing alongside her.

Rachel stares ahead, not wanting to look, but in the end has to turn to see Vogel staring at her. He smiles in recognition and...

56 RACHEL JERKS AWAKE

56

...and lies breathing hard in the darkness of her bedroom.

57 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - DINING ROOM. EVENING

57

Rachel runs the hem of a partially-made WHITE GARMENT through a SEWING MACHINE. She finishes and takes it over to where Stephen stands waiting. It's unfinished, but a fairly good approximation of a MEDIC'S WHITE COAT.

RACHEL

Try this on.

Stephen puts it on. She tugs at the coat, straightens the unfinished collar, runs her hands down the front to smooth it out.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(re: the coat)

How does it feel?

STEPHEN

(Flirting)

Nice.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel ignores this, begins to pin the cuff of one of the sleeves.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Here you are, Mossad agent, all
the exams, all that training,
first big mission...sewing.

Rachel smiles, brandishes the pin.

RACHEL
Black belt in dressmaking.

He holds up his hands in surrender.

STEPHEN
I never argue with an armed
woman.

Rachel and Stephen sit as David serves the dinner.
Rachel examines her dish.

RACHEL
(Politely)
What is it?

DAVID
(Beat)
It doesn't have a name.

Stephen tastes his.

STEPHEN
(Grimacing)
Shit.

David lifts his spoon, blows on it.

DAVID
(Solemn)
Now it does.

They laugh a little, settle into eating.

David stares at his bowl, deciding whether or not to
say something. Finally...

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's my birthday.

They look up at him in surprise.

59

INT. BAR - LATER

59

The three sit in a corner drinking beer - just young people, laughing, a little drunk. They could be students.

Rachel is reciting something from memory.

RACHEL

Uh, at ten - study the Mishnah,
at fifteen - study the Talmud.
By eighteen - stand under the
wedding canopy...

STEPHEN

We're too late for all of those.

They laugh.

RACHEL

Uh...twenty. In your twenties
you are to "pursue your life's
goals."

STEPHEN

That one I'm doing.

RACHEL

(laughing)
This is your life's goal? Leaky
flats in Berlin?

Stephen shrugs.

STEPHEN

No desk. The travel. I'm good at
it. Besides, it's in my blood.
My father fought with the
Hagadah in '48. Director of
Collections by the time he was
fifty.

RACHEL

So you've got the leaky flat in
Berlin. What's next?

Stephen considers, smiles.

STEPHEN

Director of Collections by
forty.

RACHEL

(To David)
What about you David. What "life
goal" are you pursuing?

David smiles, stares at his drink.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Actually the Mishnah doesn't say
"pursue life goals." It just
says "pursue." (Beat) It means
we should spend our twenties
pursuing our enemies.

He continues to stare at his drink with the same soft
smile but the atmosphere has darkened somehow. Rachel
tries to keep it light.

RACHEL

But after this. What are you
going to do with the rest of
your life?

DAVID

After this?

He seems to consider the question.

DAVID (CONT'D)

After this, it doesn't matter.

He gets up and walks off to the bar. Rachel stares
after him. Stephen watches her.

STEPHEN

Forget about it, Rachel.

RACHEL

Forget about what?

STEPHEN

I've spent two years with him,
and I don't know him. Nobody
knows him. He's alone. He stays
alone.

Rachel thinks this over.

RACHEL

What about family?

Stephen stares at her. She realises what this means.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

All of them?

STEPHEN (O.S.)

All of them.

He looks over at David standing at the bar.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Maybe it's not always a blessing
to survive.

60

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

60

Once again, Rachel is in the chair, Vogel is examining her. Again they converse in German, subtitled.

VOGEL

This is my hand. This is the speculum. (Beat) Any history of infertility in your family Frau Roget?

RACHEL

No.

VOGEL

Are your periods irregular?

Rachel stares up at the light.

RACHEL

Yes.

VOGEL

Yes. I think we've found the problem.

Rachel stares at him - she didn't know there was a problem.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

PCOS. It's very common. Your ovarian follicles...well, inside you're still *immature*. We need to help you with this. We treat it with a new drug, *Clomid*, a little injection. Do you want to proceed?

Rachel nods, dumbly. Vogel nods, turns back to his tray of instruments, begins preparing an injection.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

How did you find me?

RACHEL

(beat)
What?

VOGEL

Who told you about me?

RACHEL

Who... told us?

VOGEL

Were you referred by a doctor...
Your insurance company... Or?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
(trying to conceal
her relief)
Oh, Doctor Eisenberg.

VOGEL
Ah-ha. How is the old Jew?

RACHEL
Very good.

Vogel turns back to her with the HYPODERMIC NEEDLE.
Instinctively Rachel stiffens. He injects her.

VOGEL
(As he works)
How many brothers and sisters do
you have?

RACHEL
(Stiff)
None.

VOGEL
An only child?

Rachel nods. Vogel smiles, not unkindly.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
And yet you say there's no
family history of fertility
problems?

RACHEL
My mother could no longer give
birth after the war.

Vogel nods, puts the needle back on the tray.

VOGEL
The war changed a lot of people.

61 EXT. OUTSIDE SURGERY - DAY

61

Rachel comes out to find David waiting for her again.
Once more he takes her hand and they walk off.

62 QUIET STREET

62

They turn into the quiet street. Once more David lets
go of her hand. Rachel looks shaken. David watches her.

DAVID
Are you alright?

She nods. They walk in silence for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Something he said.

DAVID
(Beat)
You're doing a good thing,
Rachel. A brave thing.

RACHEL
I'm not brave.

They reach another street - busier. David stops, stares
at the street - families, traffic, ordinary life.
Rachel notices and stops.

DAVID
He doesn't get to be here,
Rachel. He doesn't get to walk
amongst us, unnoticed, innocent.

He looks at her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's not revenge. I don't want
revenge. I want justice. I want
the truth. I want people to know
the truth. That's all I want.

Beat. She nods. They start to walk again. Suddenly
Rachel takes his hand. David stares straight ahead and
they walk on like that.

63 EXT. THE CITY - EVENING 63

Rain falls on Berlin.

64 INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 64

OVERHEAD SHOT - Rachel is looking up at us.

RACHEL'S P.O.V - a little crack in the ceiling.
Rainwater beads there.

Stephen joins her, staring up at the ceiling. They
watch the droplet gathering...

David comes in and finds the two of them standing
together, staring up at the ceiling in silence. He
joins them. Silence as they stare up. Then...

DAVID
Tomorrow. *(Clearing his throat)*
It's tomorrow.

Rachel and Stephen stare at him. DRIP - the water drops
and hits the floor.

65 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

65

Rachel comes out of the bathroom in her nightclothes, with her hair wet around her. She looks into the kitchen. David is sitting smoking. Rachel pauses in the doorway and then walks in. A small two bar electric fire provides the only light in the room. Rachel kneels down in front of it to dry her hair.

David looks at her as Rachel spreads her hair around her shoulders. She looks very beautiful. She starts to comb her hair out, aware of the effect. On impulse, Rachel HOLDS OUT the comb to David.

David takes it. He starts to comb, pulling it slowly through her hair. Another stroke and then he stops, unable to go on. A long beat.

RACHEL

David...

Rachel turns round and stares at him. Then she KISSES him. David allows the kiss for just a moment, then he pulls away. He stares at her, gives a painful, crooked smile, shakes his head.

Rachel is suddenly furious, furious with him, furious with herself. She gets up and walks out of the room.

66 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

66

Rachel, sits at the piano in her robe, picking out notes. Stephen comes in with a drink. He sits down beside her and starts to match her notes. They work out a nonsense tune between them. Rachel picks up his drink takes a sip.

STEPHEN

It's whiskey.

Defiantly Rachel drains the glass, grimaces a little. Stephen watches her. He continues to play, moving the melody up in octaves until his hand is beside hers, then covering hers. Rachel brushes him away. He puts his hand back and starts to caress her wrist.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You're beautiful...

Rachel resists for a moment, then she lets it happen, turning into him.

67 EXT. STREET - DAY

67

Rachel and David walk hand in hand down the street, both staring fixedly ahead.

68 EXT. OUTSIDE SURGERY - DAY

68

They reach the bottom of the stairs. Rachel lets go of David's hand and walks up the steps without a word. David watches her go.

69 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

69

Rachel is in the chair for what she knows will - whatever happens - be the last time.

VOGEL
Alright, this is my hand. And
this is the speculum.

RACHEL
Okay.

He begins the exam.

VOGEL
You had intercourse last night.

RACHEL
(Tight)
Yes.

VOGEL
Good. You're at the most fertile
stage of your cycle. Excellent
timing.

He prepares another injection.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
Alright, my dear...you won't
feel anything.

He bends over to inject her. Rachel's hand slips out from under her gown and we see she is holding a SYRINGE. She STABS the needle into Vogel's neck.

Vogel gives a grunt of surprise and half stands. He collapses forward on top of her, the needle still jutting from his neck. His shoes squeak on the tiles as his feet seek purchase. Rachel struggles to push him free, but he writhes on top of her, glaring with dull fury at her, fighting the drug racing through him. A rope of spittle drools from his contorted mouth onto her. Then his eyelids flutter and close and he crushes down onto her, unconscious.

A moment's pause and then Rachel manages to push him to the ground. She leaps up and deliberately knocks the tray of medical instruments to the floor.

RACHEL
Help!

(CONTINUED)

The Nurse runs in, reacts at the sight of the prone VOGEL.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

He collapsed!

NURSE

What happened?!

RACHEL

I don't know! I don't know! He just clutched his chest and collapsed!

The Nurse grabs for the phone and dials.

NURSE

(into the phone)

I need an ambulance! Karlstrasse 42, fifth floor. The clinic. My husband has had a heart attack.

Rachel reacts to this revelation.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

Rachel, now out of the medical gown and dressed in her own clothes again, looks anxiously out of the window.

The nurse crouches by the unconscious VOGEL, monitoring his breathing.

In the distance we hear a siren.

INT. AMBULANCE. DAY.

The siren is blaring. Two MEDICS listen to the radio. They speak in German, subtitled.

FIRST MEDIC

(into radio)

Actually inside the clinic, yes?
Copy that.

EXT. REAL AMBULANCE. DAY.

Cars pull over to allow the speeding ambulance to pass.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

Rachel is still at the window. There's another burst of siren - louder now.

The nurse wipes away a tear, tense and frightened.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

NURSE

(to no one in
particular)

Oh god! Come on, come on! Hurry!

The siren stops again and Rachel darts back to the window to see a vehicle pulling up.

RACHEL

They're here. Stay with him.
I'll get the door.

The nurse nods gratefully.

74

INT. WAITING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

74

Rachel dashes past the concerned patients and flings open the door relieved to see...David and Stephen, in their fake Medics coats, holding a stretcher.

75

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

75

Rachel leads them in. David crouches down beside VOGEL and takes his pulse.

DAVID

Okay, we're going to need to
take him to the hospital
immediately.

He and Stephen open up the stretcher and transfer VOGEL to it with some efficiency.

NURSE

Is he going to be alright?

DAVID

We'll do everything we can.

NURSE

Oh god!

Rachel and the nurse follow David and Stephen as they carry the stretcher out through the waiting room.

76

INT. REAL AMBULANCE. DAY.

76

The first medic scans the building numbers while the second medic drives.

FIRST MEDIC

Eighty eight... Eighty six...
What are we, forty two?

A car pulls out very slowly in front of them. The second medic sighs and turns on the SIREN again.

77 EXT. BERLIN STREET. CONTINUOUS.

77

We hear the siren of the real ambulance starting up not-so-very-far-away down the street as David, Stephen, Rachel and the nurse hurry down the stairs towards the waiting vehicle.

David and Stephen hurriedly load the stretcher into the back, the siren growing ever closer.

The nurse goes to climb in after him, but David stops her.

DAVID

So sorry, Madam, but you'll need to meet us at the hospital.

NURSE

But... I want to travel with him.

DAVID

Not possible I'm afraid. New regulations.

He slams the back doors shut and drives away, leaving Rachel and the nurse on the pavement.

RACHEL

Don't worry, he's in good hands now, I'm sure.

As Rachel walks away, we - and the nurse - begin to register that the siren is growing louder with every second.

The real ambulance pulls up, and the medics leap out, dashing straight past the confused nurse and into the clinic.

Rachel casts a final glance at the nurse, unsettled by the woman's naked grief. Then she walks away briskly and doesn't look back.

78 EXT. BORNHOLMER STRASSE STATION - EVENING

78

The Station sits some hundred yards up the street, dimly lit, silent. Looming over the station is the Bosebrücke border crossing. Rain falls.

We find the van pulled up beside a METAL GATE in the fence that runs alongside the track, to allow maintenance access.

As we watch Stephen and David climb out of the van, now wearing dark green overalls. Stephen carrying a toolbox, and cross to the gate.

79 INSIDE THE VAN 79

Rachel watches them anxiously through the open back doors of the van - the unconscious Vogel lying bound on the floor beside her.

80 AT THE GATE 80

Stephen takes bolt cutters from the box and quickly cuts the padlock from the gate. He and David pull it open and walk into the darkness beyond.

81 TRACK SIDE 81

The two men look up to the deserted platform further up the track. Stephen checks his watch.

STEPHEN

One minute.

He crouches down, rests a hand on the rail. A moment - then he looks up at David and nods as the rail begins to vibrate faintly.

David darts back through the open gate to where Rachel is watching from the rear of the van, holds up a finger.

82 INSIDE THE VAN 82

Rachel takes hold of Vogel, getting ready to help carry him to the track.

83 TRACK SIDE 83

At the far end of the track a tiny light appears in the gloom.

Stephen watches, smiling. They're almost there.

Then from somewhere comes the sound of a speeding engine, shouts...

Both men instinctively duck into the shadows of the fence, looking up to...

84 THE BOSEBRUCKE CROSSING 84

- the vast bridge running over the station - a major border crossing. A CAR is racing towards the barrier ignoring the yells of guards.

As we watch it smashes through.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

The driver loses control, slews sidewise, crashing into the iron bridge structure. Two of the Guards open fire. The car begins to REVERSE - back towards the guards, through the shattered barrier, accelerating...

A SIREN begins to wail.

For a split second David and Stephen stare in frozen disbelief.

85 IN THE VAN

85

Rachel reacts to the sudden wail of the siren. David and Stephen appear at the open doors.

RACHEL

What's...

STEPHEN

Escape attempt. We're going now!

She grabs Vogel's shoulders as Stephen takes his legs and begins to drag him out of the van.

86 THE FAR END OF THE STREET

86

The car from the crossing screeches into view, swerves wildly, smashes into a wall. A BORDER GUARD JEEP appears behind it, pulls up alongside. Guards start to climb out.

87 AT THE VAN

87

David looks out from behind the shield of the open doors as the ESCAPEE DRIVER of the car gets out and starts to run. One of the Border guards drops to his knee, aims and fires. The driver yelps, staggers on a few yards and then falls.

Stephen and Rachel have Vogel out of the van but have frozen at the sound of the shot. They stare at David who gives them a warning shake of the head.

The Border Guards run up to the fallen man and gather round him - now some thirty, forty feet away from the van.

88 ON THE PLATFORM

88

The train is almost at the station, crawling forward.

89 DRIVER'S CABIN 89

The DRIVER is anxiously scanning the track ahead, searching for them.

90 AT THE VAN 90

Stephen and Rachel stand holding Vogel, staring over at the open maintenance gate. It's only ten feet away but to reach it they have to come out from behind the van, into the line of sight of the Guards.

STEPHEN

(Hissing)

We have to go! It's at the platform!

David is still watching the Guards from behind the van doors.

DAVID

They'll see us!

Through the open maintenance gate we see the TRAIN APPEAR, moving past them, starting to gather speed, but still slow enough to board.

STEPHEN

We can make it.

David hesitates.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

We're going!

He starts to move forward. We hear a sudden barked command in German. David looks out from behind the doors.

91 ON THE STREET 91

One of the Border Guards is walking towards the van.

BORDER GUARD

(In German)

Come out.

David, Rachel and Stephen stare at each other. Behind them the train is pulling away, the last carriage passes.

DAVID

Get in the van.

He saunters out from behind the van and walks towards the driver's door.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)
(In German)
It's okay.

GUARD
Come here.

DAVID
It's okay. *Deutsche Reichsbahn.*
Maintenance.

He climbs into the driver's seat. Behind him Stephen and Rachel are back in the van, closing the rear doors.

GUARD
(Angrily)
Get out of the van! Get out of
the van!

David starts the engine. The Guard aims his rifle and fires as David accelerates towards him, then throws the van into a screeching turn and roars off. The other Guards run back to the jeep, drive forward, trying to ram aside the wrecked escapees car, which is blocking their way.

The van disappears off into the night.

92 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

92

We're TRACKING through the silent, dark rooms of the safe house, searching...

We enter the KITCHEN and find David and Stephen, their hair soaked with the rain, standing arguing in urgent whispers.

We PASS THEM and move on into the LIVING ROOM where we find Rachel sitting numbly in a chair. She's staring up at the DRIP, DRIP, DRIP of rainwater coming through the cracked ceiling.

She looks across the room and we track with her gaze to where VOGEL sits bound to the radiator, mouth taped, slumped, unconscious.

Slowly we TRACK in towards him...CLOSE on his face...CLOSER...

Then his eyes OPEN and he looks at us.

CUT TO:

93 INT. AN AEROPLANE - PRESENT DAY. DAWN

93

An air hostess in a Aeroflot uniform walks towards us, swaying a little through the dimly lit plane.

(CONTINUED)

As she walks we see passengers asleep, sprawled against each other. She finds the OLDER RACHEL, groomed and perfectly awake, wearing her tinted glasses, seemingly the only passenger still awake on the flight.

AIR HOSTESS

(in Russian)

Will you want breakfast Madame?

RACHEL

(in Russian)

No, thank you.

Rachel leans on the window looking out at the lights of a distant city.

Rachel waits in line for PASSPORT CONTROL. Softly, tunelessly she hums to herself.

Finally it's her turn and she shows the PASSPORT to the GUARD who examines it - her photograph, but the name underneath is *Dagmar Ekwall*. The Guard hands her back the passport.

GUARD

(Russian)

Welcome to the Ukraine.

RACHEL

(Russian)

Thank you.

She walks on.

Establishing shot of the bland, modern hotel.

An exhausted Rachel walks down the endless corridor, carrying her case.

Rachel's unpacked belongings on the bed. She's sitting beside them, staring out of the window. The view is of a blank wall, the light of day hardening upon it. She lies down.

- 98 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER 98
- Rachel is in the shower. She lets the water cascade over her.
- 99 LATER 99
- Rachel is dying her hair.
- LATER - ROOM
- Rachel, NOW DARK HAired, is getting dressed. She looks at herself in the mirror - at the scar across her cheek. She takes out some foundation and, for the first time, begins to apply the make-up over it.
- 100 INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING 100
- P.O.V SHOT - We're looking through the windows of the bar to a local NEWSPAPER OFFICE over the road.
- A boisterous group of JOURNALISTS, finished for the day, are coming out of the door, chatting, laughing amongst themselves.
- 101 EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - CONTINUOUS 101
- A pretty blonde girl - ALINA - holds the door open for the others who pass by her and head for the bar across the snowy street.
- Alina is about to close the door behind her when a STRAGGLER catches the door with his foot and passes her - a man in his fifties holding BOX FILES and a BRIEFCASE.
- This is VASYL - an attractive, rumpled man with a long serious face.
- Alina looks less than pleased to see him and braces herself for some unpleasantness but Vasyl, who, possibly, has schooled himself for this encounter, merely nods and walks past her to his car in front of the building.
- Vasyl puts his files and briefcase in the back seat.
- The girl walks on a few paces and then turns round and stares at him, thrown by his fairly convincing display of indifference.
- Vasyl takes out his packet of cigarettes and starts to light one, shielding it against the wind.

(CONTINUED)

ALINA
(in Russian)
Vasyl? It's Rada's birthday.
We're all having a drink.

Vasyl looks up at her.

102 INT. BAR - LATER

102

The bar is crowded. Alina is dancing with a BOY in a black cap.

Vasyl is apart from the group, watching at the bar, already well on his way to being drunk.

He turns and orders a drink. In any case he can still watch the girl in the mirror behind the bar.

He stares broodingly at her. His elbow knocks a drink, slopping it's contents onto the bar. To the woman next to him...

VASYL
I'm sorry.

WOMAN (O.S.)
That's okay.

He looks at her, something in her voice makes him look again.

It's Rachel, sitting smoking at the bar, a distinctive figure in her tinted glasses, groomed and composed.

VASYL
I'll buy you another one.

RACHEL
No thank you.

His eyes stray back to Alina in the mirror.

Then he notices Rachel's reflection alongside him, watching him with a faint, amused smile. Vasyl looks away, a little stung.

VASYL
(to the barman)
Vodka and a wine for the lady.

RACHEL
(To the Barman)
It's a mineral water.

He takes out his wallet, pays. The barman puts the drinks in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

VASYL
(Without looking at
her)
Polish?

RACHEL
German.

VASYL
What brings you here?

RACHEL
Tourist.

VASYL
(Incredulous)
In L'viv?

Rachel nods.

VASYL (CONT'D)
You come to see the cemetery?
Our artificial hill?

Rachel looks at him, smiles despite herself.

VASYL (CONT'D)
I'm not joking. We have an
artificial hill. Lublin Mound.
Great view from the top. Be
careful. It falls down
every now and then. What are you
really doing here?

The music changes.

RACHEL
I'm just passing through. What
about you?

Alina laughs behind him. Vasyl looks blearily at her
reflection in the mirror, overcome by longing.

VASYL
Wanting what I can't have.

Rachel looks over at the girl, who has been watching
them with some curiosity as she dances. Rachel reads
the situation.

RACHEL
Sometimes women also want what
they can't have. (Beat) Do you
mind? (Off his look) Your
collar's twisted...

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

She leans over and straightens his coat collar, brushing his shoulders down, her hands moving over his jacket - registering his KEYS in his pocket - the gesture wifely, intimate.

ON ALINA as she catches this.

Vasyl looks at Rachel, intrigued.

Before he can say anything someone taps him on the shoulder, breaking the moment. It's Alina.

ALINA

(Smiling)

You want to dance, Vasyl...?

VASYL

To what? This isn't music.

But she's already pulled him to his feet. He slips his coat off and she leads him away through the crowd, triumphant.

ON VASYL dancing with Alina.

Then he's looking through the crowd for Rachel but her seat is now EMPTY.

Vasyl looks around the bar, then the girl puts her arms round his neck, reeling him in, and he LOSES himself in her.

103 EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

103

Rachel reaches the door to the offices and takes out VASYL'S KEYS and begins to try them one at a time in the front door lock...

104 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MAIN ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

104

A shabby, open-plan office. Rachel walks amongst the desks, looking for one in particular. Most of them are neat and tidy.

She notices one desk - a cluttered mess - and crosses over to it on a hunch.

And there, taped to the ancient computer, is a photograph of Vasyl's holding up an enormous fish - his dead-pan face.

Rachel begins to rifle through the drawers of the desk, looking for something. There isn't much to look at - a few blank notebooks, some old calenders, old letters. She opens files, scans their contents, the dates...

(CONTINUED)

Whatever she's looking for, it doesn't seem to be here.
She stands, no idea what to do next.

From somewhere behind her comes a sudden SMOTHERED
LAUGH.

ON ALINA...

... as she backs into the office space. The boy with
the black cap follows, puts his hands inside her coat,
trying to take it off her.

The girl makes a show of not letting him, then suddenly
gives in.

ALINA

Yours or mine?

BOY

Yours.

Alina backs up to her desk, allowing the boy to strip
her as she goes.

Rachel stands in the shadows - no way of reaching the
door.

She watches as, on the other side of the room, the
young couple begin to have sex on the desk.

She closes her eyes and leans back, no choice but to
wait them out.

Alina and her boyfriend are closing the door behind
them. The boy throws an arm round Alina and they start
to cross the street.

Vasyl appears from the doorway of the bar, where he's
been waiting for them, walks towards them.

VASYL

(Drunk)

Alina, I need to...need to talk
to you.

ALINA

I'll talk to you tomorrow.

VASYL

No, I think we will talk now.

BOY

She'll talk to you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

Vasyl turns to the boy.

VASYL

Pavlo. Little Pavlo. I need to talk to Alina, so could you go make us some coffees or whatever you normally...

Alina is already walking past him and he catches her arm, stopping her.

VASYL (CONT'D)

Listen...

The Boy pushes him and instantly Vasyl takes a swing at him, misses and hits a wall with an awful crack.

The Boy steps in, with the easy stance of an amateur boxer, and punches Vasyl hard in the face. Vasyl staggers a little back, his hands already coming up in surrender.

ALINA

(Thrilled)

Don't hurt him!

Reading - correctly - this remark, the Boy gives Vasyl another hard right and the older man crumples to the snow.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop it!

Alina makes a show of pulling the Boy away and the Boy makes a show of resisting until the two have disappeared back into the bar.

Vasyl lies, grimacing with the pain from his wrist.

VASYL'S P.O.V - as a pair of elegantly shod feet approach through the snow.

He looks up to find Rachel staring down at him.

VASYL

(Beat)

You saw?

Rachel nods. Vasyl closes his eyes.

VASYL (CONT'D)

Welcome to L'viv.

Rachel is helping Vasyl to his car. He holds his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

VASYL

(in pain)
I think it's broken.

RACHEL

You want me to get you a cab?

VASYL

No....I can...

He pats his pockets for his keys.

VASYL (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Fucking keys...

Rachel crosses back over the street to where she found VasyL, makes a show of searching in the snow.

She straightens up, holding his KEYS. She crosses the street again and hands them to him.

VASYL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

An awkward moment. Then VasyL holds out his uninjured hand.

VASYL (CONT'D)

VasyL. It means King.

Rachel takes it.

RACHEL

Dagmar.

They shake hands.

VASYL

Thank you Dagmar.

Rachel glimpses the BOX FILES and BRIEFCASE in the back of the car.

VasyL opens the car door with difficulty, starts to get into the car, milking his injuries.

VASYL (CONT'D)

Ow. (Beat) Ow. (Beat) I'll be fine. Don't worry.

Rachel watches, liking him.

RACHEL

How far away do you live?

He looks at her, smiles.

108 EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - LATER 108

Rachel drives the car through the run down housing estate. It's late, deserted. Nearby a TRAM trundles past, lit and nearly empty.

109 OUTSIDE VASYL'S APARTMENT 109

Rachel pulls over, climbs out. Vasyl gets out, struggles with the box files and briefcase from the back seat.

RACHEL

Here, let me help.

Vasyl gives her the files and Rachel follows him into the house

110 INT. VASYL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 110

We TRACK through the bookish, untidy, but pleasant apartment, into the...

111 KITCHEN 111

The files and briefcase are on a side-board. Rachel is rooting through Vasyl's small freezer. Vasyl's cat sits staring at her.

She takes out a bag of FROZEN PEAS and crosses to Vasyl who sits at the table drinking vodka.

RACHEL

Let me see.

Vasyl shows her his hand, submitting to her.

VASYL

It's broken.

She manipulates the wrist.

RACHEL

It's not broken.

She ties the frozen peas around his wrist with a cloth. She becomes aware of Vasyl's gaze.

VASYL

Are you married, Dagmar?

Rachel sits without answering. The cat jumps onto her knee, surprising her. She strokes it. Vasyl pushes her a glass and fills it with vodka. She pushes it back.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

I don't drink. (Beat) I was.

VASYL

What happened?

Rachel doesn't answer. A silence.

VASYL (CONT'D)

It's a difficult thing being married. I've tried it. Each time...

He shrugs.

RACHEL

A girl?

VASYL

A great girl. I tell myself she's my last girl and I have to have her. And then...my wife leaves...everything is destroyed...I get what I want and I wonder...why I wanted it so badly.

Rachel lights a cigarette. A beat.

RACHEL

I was pregnant. (Beat) In those days...He did the right thing. Unfortunately. For both of us.

VASYL

There was someone else?

Rachel laughs.

VASYL (CONT'D)

I know. I'm a journalist. I can't help myself. There was, wasn't there?

RACHEL

Yes.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Rachel feels her eyes prick with tears. She looks away, inhales smoke. She looks back at Vasyl and he is watching, easy, sympathetic.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(Simply)

I thought there'd be a time for us, but...

Vasyl doesn't speak for a while. A kind of peace descends on them.

(CONTINUED)

VASYL

Now I can't make a pass at you.

Rachel smiles.

VASYL (CONT'D)

I would have taken the peas off
my hand first.

They smile at each other. She looks around his kitchen.

RACHEL

Perhaps you need another wife.

VASYL

I like living alone.

RACHEL

I don't see the advantages.

VASYL

You can hear yourself think.

RACHEL

(Beat)

That can be a disadvantage.

He pours more vodka.

VASYL

My first wife was the nicest.
She had a temper but...we would
make up. One time she slashed my
suit to pieces. I just had one
suit. I deserved it of course.
And then we make up and she
cries 'Your suit, your suit.'
She sews it back by hand, I have
to wear it to work. Frankenstein
suit.

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

You have children?

VASYL

Seven. The eldest is thirty. He
hates me. He has taught three of
the others to hate me. The
others are just...disappointed.
This, I think, is even worse.
You?

RACHEL

I have one daughter. She's very
serious. Academic.

(CONTINUED)

VASYL

A good daughter.

RACHEL

Yes. Yes she is. We're not...we could be closer...My fault.

VASYL (O.S.)

Why is it your fault?

RACHEL

Oh, I wasn't a very good wife. Or mother. She was in the middle, trying to please us both. I suppose I've always kept her at a distance.

She thinks about this for a long moment, disturbed by the insight.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I never wanted her to really know me.

Vasyl watches her for a moment, senses he should stop there.

VASYL

Are you hungry, Dagmar?

112 LIVING ROOM - LATER

112

The remains of a meal. Vasyl and Rachel sit side by side on the couch. Vasyl has fallen asleep, his mouth open.

Rachel looks at their reflection in the mirror on the wall. They look, for all the world, like a long-married couple.

Rachel sits on the couch a moment longer, unwilling to break the moment.

113 THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

113

Rachel is searching through the box files still stacked in the kitchen. She turns to the briefcase, stops to listen, making sure Vasyl is still asleep. She checks its contents, takes out a NOTEBOOK and scans its pages.

At last she finds what she's been looking for. She takes a sheet of paper and pen from the sideboard and copies something from the notebook - the name *Ivan Bentok*, an address...

114 LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 114

We TRACK past the sleeping Vasyl towards the WINDOW.
Down below, we see Rachel's small figure emerge and
walk away through the snow.

115 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 115

Rachel walks beside the tram lines, breath misting in
the dawn cold.

A TRAM approaches and begins to rumble past, brightly
lit, empty.

Rachel stares at it as the sound of it's passage builds
to a ROAR and we...

CUT TO:

116 INT. SAFE HOUSE - BED ROOM. THE PAST - DAY 116

Young Rachel lies in bed listening to the muffled sound
of Vogel CURSING and YELLING in German next door - a
breakfast ritual.

VOGEL

(In German)

Fucking assholes! Fucking pig
shit food! Fuck you! Fuck you!
Fuck...

We hear a BOWL clatter to the floor and then Vogel's
shouts are muffled as his mouth is taped again.

He continues to swear at his captors as best he can
through his gag. Rachel tries to block out the sound
with her blanket.

117 KITCHEN 117

Rachel walks in and finds a flushed Stephen wiping
oatmeal off his trousers, the empty bowl on the bench
beside him.

STEPHEN

(Off her look)

At this rate he's going to
starve himself to death before
we can get him back.

118 LIVING ROOM - LATER 118

Rachel sits in the armchair near the end of her shift,
watching Vogel who is slumped asleep.

(CONTINUED)

He looks dishevelled, the oatmeal he refused to eat smeared down his chin. She can't delay the moment anymore.

She takes a bowl of prepared oatmeal from the table beside her and walks towards Vogel, stirring the bowl with an unsteady hand.

She kneels down in front of him.

In the silence, we hear rain falling heavily outside.

Vogel wakes, stays slumped, staring at her with dull eyes.

She takes the napkin that was covering the bowl and wipes the food from his chin. Finally she removes the tape from his mouth. Vogel watches her without moving. She offers him a spoon of oatmeal, waiting for the sudden yelling and abuse. He says nothing, just opens his mouth obediently.

Rachel feeds him a spoonful of oatmeal. He speaks to Rachel in German, subtitled.

VOGEL

My wife.

Rachel ignores him, feeds him another spoonful.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Is she hurt?

Another spoonful, and another.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Is she alright?

An ALARM CLOCK on the table, rings - the end of her shift. She wipes his mouth, tears some tape from the roll. Vogel closes his eyes, a look of such genuine suffering it stops Rachel.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Please? Tell me she's alright.

Rachel puts the tape over his mouth and stands. David walks in and takes his place in the ARMCHAIR facing Vogel.

Rachel begins to leave. She looks back at Vogel who is staring after her, eyes pleading. She hesitates then gives a small nod and turns to walk out of the room, passing Stephen who has been standing in the doorway, watching her.

119 KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

119

Rachel starts to wash the oatmeal bowl. Stephen follows her in.

STEPHEN

He ate something?

RACHEL

Yes.

STEPHEN

Well done. (Beat) You can't talk to him, Rachel.

RACHEL

I didn't say anything.

STEPHEN

You can't listen to him. You can't let him...

RACHEL

I know. I just...

He rubs her back.

STEPHEN

I'm not angry. But...you have to focus. We stay in the house. At the beginning of the shift, we give him water. Whether he wants it or not. At the end of the shift...

RACHEL

I know this Stephen.

STEPHEN

At the end of the shift he eats. Whether he wants to or not. We don't leave him alone. We don't talk to him. We don't listen to him. He isn't there. He isn't a person. He...

He stops himself.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

One week. We can do this. We stay focused.

He kisses her head. Rachel nods, manages a smile, goes back to washing the bowl.

120 LIVING ROOM - DAY 120

Stephen sits on the armchair in front of Vogel, taking the GUN apart, cleaning it.

121 LIVING ROOM - DAY 121

Vogel thrashes around on the floor as best he can, David holding him down. Stephen tries to force oatmeal into him. He spits it back out.

VOGEL

(In German,
ranting)

You should be grateful to the Reich! Without us you'd have no state of Israel! You think your Zionist movement would ever have succeeded if we hadn't put an end to Jewish society in Europe?

David pushes more oatmeal in, Vogel spits it back out.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Every time you Jews see your precious flag fly you should give thanks for what the Nazis did. You should...

A weary Stephen TAPES his mouth again, muffling the rant.

122 KITCHEN - DAY 122

Rachel is cleaning, trying to keep busy, trying to keep the encroaching decay of the kitchen at bay, scrubbing and scrubbing.

123 LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 123

David sits in the armchair, smoking. Vogel lies on the floor, falling asleep, humming a song softly to himself.

124 HALLWAY - MORNING 124

An exhausted David, finishing his shift, walks out of the living room as Stephen walks out of his bedroom to take his place.

Through the open bedroom door we can see Rachel lying in the bed.

(CONTINUED)

57.
124 CONTINUED: 124

Rachel watches him walk past, careful not to turn and look at her.

125 HALLWAY - MORNING 125

Stephen and David are carrying a struggling, cursing Vogel towards the bathroom.

Before they can get there Vogel pisses himself, the urine puddling on the floor at their feet.

STEPHEN

Fuck!

Stephen drops Vogel in disgust jumping back out of the way. Vogel lies in the pool, staring up at him, eyes triumphant.

126 LATER 126

An angry Stephen is mopping up the pool. Vogel is back in his place, watching through the door, humming a tune to himself.

127 BEDROOM - NIGHT 127

Rachel lies in bed awake. The alarm clock rings next door. After a moment Stephen walks in, his shift finished.

He sits beside her on the bed, strokes her hair.

Rachel pretends to be asleep.

128 LIVING ROOM 128

Rachel sits in the armchair lost in thought. A faint noise attracts her attention.

A MOUSE is creeping along the wall beside Vogel. He follows its movements, fascinated.

As Rachel watches he holds out a crumb of bread to the mouse, watches it nibble at it.

Rachel watches, unsettled by his almost sentimental expression.

129 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 129

Rachel is cleaning the kitchen again, clearing some of the mess of dishes into the sink.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

She moves a dirty pan which has been left overnight and stops, staring at the COCKROACH which is crawling inside.

A sudden wave of NAUSEA hits her.

130 BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

130

Rachel crouches at the toilet, vomiting.

She finishes, rinses her mouth, looks at her pale reflection.

She opens the door and steps out...

Vogel stands DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HER.

Rachel stands frozen - a split second of total panic.

Then Stephen steps into sight behind Vogel, gun in hand - the morning bathroom visit.

Rachel flattens herself against the hall wall, quickly wiping her mouth dry, as Stephen pushes Vogel past her towards the bathroom.

But as he passes her Vogel examines her face, such a piercing, *knowing* look, Rachel has to turn away.

131 LIVING ROOM - EVENING

131

Rachel uncovers the dish of prepared oatmeal and kneels down beside a sleeping Vogel.

She removes the tape. Vogel wakes, breathes out, eyes dreamy, still half-asleep. She begins to feed him. After a moment...

VOGEL

(German, sadly)

I was dreaming about my wife.

She feeds him some more. He seems lost in thought.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

One of the great regrets of my life is that we were unable to have children. My wife would have made a wonderful mother.

He sighs.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

It's a great blessing.

Rachel stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

VOGEL (CONT'D)
You should try lemons. For the
morning sickness.

Rachel can't move. Vogel nods, for all the world the
gruff Uncle with his favourite niece.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
They say it helps.

Rachel struggles to hold it together, feeds him another
spoonful.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
What's your name? (Beat) Sarah?
Hannah?...Rachel? Esther? (Beat)
You Jews stay close to your
roots, don't you? It's a good
thing. Very good.

Rachel spoons in another mouthful.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
I loved the bible as a child.
Retribution. Higher justice.

Rachel shovels in another mouthful. He chews it
thoughtfully, examines her face.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
Yes. I understand you perfectly.
(Beat) You weren't lying at the
clinic when you told me about
your mother were you? What
happened to her in the war?

Rachel loads the spoon with more oatmeal, determined
not to show any emotion. Vogel watches her, then
suddenly SPEAKS IN ENGLISH...

VOGEL (CONT'D)
I'm very sorry for your loss.

It almost takes her breath away.

He stares back at her, the remark apparently made in
all sincerity...

Alone now, Rachel is overcome by tears. She turns to
find David behind her.

DAVID
What happened? What's the
matter?

She can't speak at first for hiccuping sobs.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

He can understand us.

STEPHEN

What?

RACHEL

He can understand every word
we're saying. He just spoke to
me and...and...

Her face contorts as she tries to compose herself.
David puts his arms around her.

DAVID

It's alright. It's alright. It's
nearly over.

He pulls her close, holds her, rests his cheek down on
hers...

The DOOR suddenly opens and Stephen enters, hair wet
from the rain. He stops, seeing them. They stare back
at him. Rachel steps away a little, wiping her face.

RACHEL

What did they say?

Stephen stares at them in silence. He unbuttons his
coat.

DAVID

Stephen?

STEPHEN

They said to sit tight.

DAVID

What does that mean?

STEPHEN

(To Rachel)
Has he been fed?

DAVID

How long?

STEPHEN

They don't know. The Americans
say the party is postponed.

DAVID

Postponed until when?

STEPHEN

I just told you - they don't
know. We sit tight, keep to the
routine...

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

But it'll be soon?

Stephen fixes her with a look.

STEPHEN

Did you feed him?

RACHEL

(rising panic)

We just need to get him to the
airfield, there must be some
other way, some...

STEPHEN

(insistent)

Has he eaten?

DAVID

She's upset. He...

STEPHEN

I'm talking to her! Supposedly
it's her shift now, but instead
of doing what she's supposed to
be doing she's out here with
you! (To Rachel) Now answer the
fucking question: Did you feed
him?

RACHEL

YES! I fed him just now!

Stephen nods, takes his coat off, about to walk into
the living room.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We...we could leave. I mean,
they could send another team,
replace us?

They stare at her.

STEPHEN

What are you talking about?

RACHEL

They could send...

STEPHEN

No-one's fucking replacing me.
Alright? This is my mission. I
don't fail my missions. This
is...

Suddenly we hear someone KNOCKING on the front door.
The three FREEZE, staring at each other. Silence.
Someone KNOCKS again.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(Whispering)

They followed you.

STEPHEN

Nobody followed me.

He motions Rachel to answer the door, turns and strides into the living room, yanks open the drawer and takes out the GUN. David has followed him.

DAVID

(Softly)

Stephen!

Stephen is hurriedly screwing the SILENCER onto the GUN. There's another KNOCK at the door.

Stephen walks over to Vogel and aims the gun at his head. Vogel instinctively squirms away, falling to one side, wriggling back from Stephen on the floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(Softly)

Stephen! Don't!

STEPHEN

(Softly)

If it's them, he doesn't get away.

DAVID

You can't kill him! That isn't...that isn't the mission!

From the hallway we hear the sound of the door being opened - the murmur of conversation.

Everybody freezes, listening. Vogel lies, breathing hard through his nose, eyes on the gun aimed at him.

We hear the door close. The three listen as footsteps approach down the hall...

Rachel walks in, stops seeing Stephen holding the gun to Vogel's head. A long beat.

RACHEL

(Dully)

It was the lady from the house across the street. She invited us to her New Years Eve party.

She turns and walks back out. The others stay where they are, frozen.

133 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING 133

Rachel, fresh from the shower, crouches, wrapped in a towel, RETCHING into the toilet. She's running the taps to cover the noise.

134 BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 134

Stephen lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Rachel walks in from the bathroom, still feeling nauseous.

She sits on the bottom of the bed, her back to him and begins to dress under the towel. Stephen watches her sourly.

STEPHEN

You have to walk around half
naked?

Rachel doesn't answer.

135 KITCHEN - DAY 135

David and Stephen practise *krav magah* moves - careful, controlled, but under it all an edge of real tension between them.

The punches and blocks build in speed, faster and faster, both men breathing hard with the exertion, neither willing to stop.

136 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY • 136

Vogel is tied in his usual place. Stephen sits at the piano in a dangerous mood, idly playing.

He begins to play *Deutschland Uber Alles*.

Vogel watches.

Stephen begins to play the anthem more discordantly, almost comically...

Vogel laughs softly though his nose. Stephen continues to play. Vogel laughs again. Stephen joins in - both men laughing.

He stops playing but the two keep laughing. Then Stephen stops and just sits there staring at Vogel.

Vogel stops laughing, very aware of the sudden change in atmosphere, a sense of impending violence.

Stephen doesn't move. The moment hangs.

137 LATER

137

David is taking over the shift from Stephen. They pass each other in the doorway without a word.

David stops, staring...

Vogel lies in his usual place. A SACK has been placed over his head, hooding him.

The effect is deeply sinister.

138 KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

138

Stephen sits eating with Rachel. David walks in and throws the SACK on the table. Stephen glances at it, continues eating.

DAVID

What are you doing?

STEPHEN

It's your shift.

DAVID

(To Rachel)

Did you know about this?

RACHEL

About what?

DAVID

(To Stephen)

His mouth's taped. You want him to suffocate?

STEPHEN

I was sick of seeing his face. Go back in.

DAVID

Don't do that again.

Stephen gets up and walks calmly towards David as if shooing him back out the room.

STEPHEN

You don't give orders David. It's your shift now go back in there, come on, or...

He has his hands on David's chest, gently pushing him back. David takes his hold of the hands, pulling them free and suddenly there's a flurry of violent movement as Stephen yanks his arms free of David and the two men shove at each other.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Stop it!

They stop, breathing hard.

DAVID

We're not animals. Just remember
what we are. Remember what we're
not.

He walks back down. Stephen sits back at the table,
starts eating again. He glances at Rachel, but she
won't look at him.

139 INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY

139

Vogel leans against the wall, staring blankly at the
window, sunk into a profound depression. He looks
filthy, jaw dark with two weeks' beard growth.

Rachel watches him from the doorway.

140 LATER

140

Rachel is washing Vogel's face with a towel. He pays no
attention, continuing to stare out of the window.

Rachel picks up a bowl of shaving cream, strips the
tape off VOGEL's mouth, and begins to brush the cream
over his face. She produces a RAZOR and carefully
begins to shave his cheeks.

She stops suddenly, a TEAR is running down Vogel's
cheek, cutting a line through the soap. He turns his
eyes to her.

VOGEL

Why couldn't he just shoot me?

Rachel keeps on shaving.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

You think it makes you superior
to me? Because you won't kill me
yourselves? Because you want me
to go through your Jew trial
first? All of you civilised
Jews, standing around the, the
monster? That's how you
justify this crime, isn't it?
Telling yourself I'm less than
you - I'm *Untermensch*?

Rachel switches to the other cheek. Vogel's getting
more animated, tears in his eyes, a kind of bizarre
indignation...

(CONTINUED)

VOGEL (CONT'D)

And, make no mistake, this *is* a crime. And if the police, if you are discovered? What will you say? You were only following your Government's orders? You were serving a higher cause? You fucking hypocrites. You fucking...

Rachel tilts his chin up a little and puts the razor to his throat. He falls silent, tenses, waiting. Then...

VOGEL (CONT'D)

(Softly)

Yes.

He closes his eyes.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Yes.

Rachel's hand is trembling, but she finishes and wipes the razor clean on the towel. Vogel slumps back against the wall. Beat.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)

You Jews never knew how to kill.
Only how to die.

141 INT. SITTING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

141

Rachel, tense and overwrought, is sitting at the kitchen table. She's watching a pale patch of watery sunlight move over the dirty dishes on the table in front of her.

SITTING ROOM

Stephen is on shift, watching Vogel. He looks up to see Rachel passing the doorway, on her way down the hall. Something purposeful in her manner alerts him.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Stephen appears in time to see Rachel is putting on her overcoat.

STEPHEN

What are you doing?

Rachel doesn't look at him.

RACHEL

I have to get out.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN

Don't be stupid, Rachel.

Rachel tries to unbolt the door. Stephen bars her.
Rachel tries to talk calmly but she's fighting panic.

RACHEL

Get out of my way, please.
I'm just going to go out for a
few minutes, Stephen. That's all
I want to do.

David comes out of his bedroom. Taking in the scene.

STEPHEN

She wants to go out.

RACHEL

(appealing)
No one will see me. Tell him,
David. I just want to walk. I
just want to get out of here.
Please.

David shakes his head.

Rachel tries to unlock the door, but Stephen has hold
of it. She struggles against him.

DAVID

You can't go out Rachel. You
just can't.

Stephen tries to take her in his arms. She pulls away
from him.

RACHEL

GET OFF OF ME!

Then she slumps against the door, her back to them.
She's crying brokenly.

A beat as the two men stand over her, not attempting to
comfort her any further.

Stephen turns and goes back into the room to guard
Vogel.

David leans his head against the door, waiting for her
to stop.

It's raining heavily outside and water is dripping
through the cracks in the ceiling.

David kneels next to VOGEL with a bowl of oatmeal and
strips the tape from his mouth. He begins to feed him.

(CONTINUED)

Vogel hums a tune to himself in between spoonfuls, watching David, his mood strange, almost playful. Then...

VOGEL

How is she?

David ignores him.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

You should let her get more rest. It's a dangerous time, the first month or two of the pregnancy.

David stares at him, unable to hide his shock.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

(Beat)

You didn't know?

Vogel absorbs this thoughtfully.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

You're not the father then?

(Beat) I thought it would be you. I thought...I don't know. The way you look at her. The way she looks at you...

He shakes his head, shrugs.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

That must be hard, watching her with him. (Beat, smiling) But like the Poet says - "Great souls suffer in silence."

David stirs the oatmeal, trying to think about what he's just discovered. Then, suddenly, he hears himself speaking...

DAVID

(Quietly)

What does a monster like you know about human emotion?

Vogel stares at him. This is the first time someone has spoken to him in weeks.

VOGEL

What makes you so sure I'm a monster?

And now he's started, David can't stop.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Oh, that's right. What you did was justified because it was done in the name of science and progress.

VOGEL

You'd disagree that my work was in the service of progress, or that by being so it was justifiable?

DAVID

You call operations without anaesthesia progress? Blinding children with chemicals while you tried to change the colour of their eyes? Replacing the hands and legs of innocents and watching them die? Is that progress? It's a disease. It's a sickness.

Vogel seems to consider this.

VOGEL

So we were all insane? All temporarily insane?

DAVID

(Beat)

There's no explanation for your actions, and I'm not looking for one.

Vogel turns to stare out the window, chews his lip thoughtfully.

VOGEL

Do you know why it was easy to exterminate you people?

David stirs the bowl, staring at it. It's as if he can't stop listening.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Egotism. I saw it. Every day I saw it. Every one of them, thinking only of how to avoid being flogged, or kicked, or killed. Only thinking of themselves. Not their lovers. Not even their children. Only themselves. Why do you think it only took four soldiers to lead a thousand people to the gas chambers? Entire families?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (3)

142

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Because not one, out of
thousands, had the courage to
resist, the courage to be the
first to fall. Not one would
sacrifice himself.

David stares at Vogel, tears in his eyes.

Then he SMASHES the bowl into Vogel's face, shattering
it. He grabs Vogel by the collar and begins to punch
him, again and again.

Vogel slides sideways, limp. And still David punches
him. He stands up and begins to kick him, stamp on him,
wanting to break his skull open, to kill him.

Rachel and Stephen run in, with Rachel reaching him
first. She throws her arms around him, trying to stop
him, but - instinctively - he throws a punch behind
him. It connects, splitting her lip and sending her
flying to the ground.

Stephen runs at him, knocking him to the floor, and
remains lying on him, the two of them breathing hard,
the assault finally over.

VOGEL slumps forward, held up only by the rope at his
wrists binding him to the pipe on the wall.

Stephen picks up David, who is holding his broken hand.

STEPHEN

Out. We're going out. You're
going to cool off. Come on.

He begins to drag him out. Stephen nods in the
direction of VOGEL.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(to Rachel)

Are you going to be alright with
him?

RACHEL

I'll be fine.

She turns to stare at Vogel, barely conscious, his face
a mask of blood.

143 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM. NIGHT.

143

Rachel drenches a cloth under the tap.

144 INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

144

Rachel cleans the blood from VOGEL's face.

(CONTINUED)

VOGEL
(Mumbling)
Thank you...

She tears off a new strip of tape and places it over VOGEL's mouth, gently.

She notices the rain leaking in through the ceiling.

Rachel gathers three METAL SAUCEPANS.

She stops for a moment looking at FIREWORKS flashing in the sky. She remembers - it's New Years Eve.

Now, events unfold almost exactly as we saw earlier in the account from Rebecca's book.

We TRACK with her as she walks into the...

And begins to place the pots on the floor to catch the rainwater which is dripping through various points in the ceiling.

She notices the SHARDS of shattered bowl which are scattered around Vogel. She kneels down and collects up the pieces.

We TRACK with her as she walks back into the kitchen and stirs the oatmeal. From the living room comes the three distinct PINGS of rainwater dripping in the pots.

She drops the pieces of bowl into the bin and stops puzzled. It's a moment before she works out what she's noticed - something has changed in the sound of the rainwater next door. There only two drips instead of three.

She walks back into the living room and stares in puzzlement at the overturned pot which is no longer catching water. Behind her we can see that Vogel is NO LONGER THERE.

She turns and...it's too late. Vogel is standing directly in front of her. Before she can even cry out he has slashed her face open with a SHARD of BOWL.

Instinctively she cups her hands to her ripped face. Vogel grabs her by the hair and stepping behind her, tries to worm his other hand underneath her raised arms to reach her throat with the shard. Rachel screams and grapples desperately, pulling the hand up to her mouth and biting savagely down on it.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

Vogel drops the shard with a yell and, side-stepping Rachel grabs her head and rams her face-first into the wall. The impact cracks plaster and Rachel drops stunned to the floor.

Vogel turns to go, but Rachel, her face a mask of blood, twists around and grabs his legs. Vogel stumbles, manages to pull a leg free and stamps down on Rachel who lets go with a moan. He stamps again, steps free and kicks her hard. He kicks her again.

RACHEL'S P.O.V - LOW ANGLE - Vogel's feet as he stands beside us, breathing hard. Then he turns and walks from the room.

147 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE LOBBY. NIGHT.

147

Vogel begins to run down the spiral staircase of the apartment building.

148 INT. BERLIN SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT.

148

Rachel lies motionless. We wait for her to cough as we saw her do before. But she doesn't. She just continues to lie still.

We BOOM up to the WINDOW and the view of the street below. After a moment we see VOGEL bursting from the building and running away. But now Rachel is not even standing here to see it.

The figure of VOGEL gets smaller, lost in the darkness. There is a bright flash from a FIREWORK overhead and for a moment we see him again, illuminated.

Then the light fades and he threatens to vanish entirely from view.

And this time, he does. He's gone.

149 INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

149

Rachel holds a blood-soaked tea towel to her cheek, trying to staunch the flow. David sits, staring ahead, in shock.

Stephen bursts in, out of breath.

STEPHEN

Nothing. Not a trace. Nothing at all.

He hurries to the drawers and takes out the gun, puts it into his waistband.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I'll go to the clinic.

DAVID

(Without looking
up)

He's not going back to the
clinic. He's gone. That's it.
Fifteen years, it took them to
find him. And he's gone. And no-
one's going to find him again.

Stephen kicks at the chair, at the drawers.

STEPHEN

This can't happen! This can't
fucking...This is NEVER going to
go away. I'm finished!

RACHEL

(Quietly)

I take responsibility. It was my
shift.

DAVID

(Quietly)

No. No, this happened because of
me. I let him go. And no-one's
ever going to find him again.

He closes his eyes. Stephen drops the gun onto the
table, sits down. Outside we hear more fireworks.
Suddenly...

STEPHEN

No-one's ever going to find him
again.

Something in his voice causes Rachel to look up at him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

What if he didn't escape?

RACHEL

What are you talking about?

STEPHEN

Only four people know what
happened in this room. Us, and
him. And he's not talking. No
one will ever hear from him
again.

RACHEL

(Realizing what he
means)

No.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN

Nobody needs to know what happened here.

RACHEL

He escaped.

STEPHEN

That's the truth. But that doesn't have to be the truth we take home. The truth can be anything we want it to be. The truth is Vogel tried to escape, you struggled with him and got hurt. The truth is, seconds before he got away, Rachel got the gun and shot him. The truth is we got rid of the body, got rid of every trace of the Surgeon of Birkenau.

RACHEL

We can't lie about this!

STEPHEN

No, you know what? We have to. We have to! This is...this isn't about us. This is about Israel. This is a national embarrassment! We can't be seen to fail. And in the end, Vogel rots away his life in some jungle, looking over his shoulder, waiting for the bullet...?

He looks at them both, trying to convince them, trying to convince himself.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Who's to say? Maybe that's a worse fate. Maybe that's...The important thing is justice... justice is *seen* to be done.

Rachel turns to David, waiting, *expecting* him to say something. But David looks like he's been barely listening, lost in his own thoughts. He notices Rachel staring at him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

He's gone. What difference does anything else make? (Beat) He's gone.

The three sit in silence. From outside comes the sound of some REVELLERS on the street cheering, more fireworks. We hear some people chanting a countdown to the New Year...

(CONTINUED)

75.
149 CONTINUED: (3) 149

REVELLERS (O.S.)
(From outside)
...vier, drei, zwei, ein!

But just before the expected barrage of fireworks we...

CUT TO:

150 INT. UKRAINE - HOTEL - MORNING 150

OVERHEAD SHOT

...of Older Rachel, lying in bed, as her eyes snap open. An ALARM CLOCK bleeps on the bedside table. She switches it off, lies back, staring up at us.

151 LATER 151

Rachel is packing her bag. She takes out a small BLACK CASE, like a spectacles case, stares at it, then slips it into her handbag.

152 INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION DESK - LATER 152

Rachel is checking out.

DESK CLERK
You are going home already?

RACHEL
Soon.

She starts to sign a bill, realises she's begun writing *Singer* and hurriedly crosses it out.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(Off the Clerk's look)
Husband's name. Ex-husband. Hard to break the habit.

She begins to sign her false name. The Clerk smiles politely.

153 EXT. ROAD - MORNING 153

Rachel drives the hire car through the wintry landscape.

She passes a RESTAURANT set back from the road.

After a moment she slows and stops, reverses back to the turn-off for the restaurant.

154 INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

154

Rachel sits by the window of the empty restaurant. A WAITER approaches.

RACHEL

I just want a drink please.

WAITER

Certainly. Tea? Coffee...?

RACHEL

White wine. I'd like some white wine.

She turns back to the window, ignoring the Waiter's surprised glance at the clock. It's only 10.30.

155 LATER

155

Rachel sits working her way through a carafe of cheap wine, her first drink in twenty years.

She finishes her glass, leaves some notes on the table and walks out.

156 EXT. ROAD - MORNING

156

We watch Rachel's car winding it's way past a forest of fir trees.

Suddenly she pulls over.

157 LONG SHOT

157

...shooting from within the forest. We see the small figure of Rachel get out of the car and walk into the tree-line. She bends over to be sick.

CLOSE ON RACHEL

..as she straightens up, horribly pale, sick with the wine and fear. She scoops up some snow presses it into her face, leans back against the tree, trying to calm down.

We hear a piano playing - *Brahm's Waltz in A flat major*.

CUT TO:

158 INT. TEL AVIV - REBECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

158

It's the morning after David's suicide. Rachel stands in the hallway, waiting to go to lunch with the rest of the family, before leaving.

Stephen sits in his chair playing the waltz on the piano.

Rachel watches him. He looks somehow more vulnerable than usual, lost in his own thoughts, perhaps even his own version of grief.

Rebecca comes down the stairs with her son.

REBECCA

(To her son)

Listen to grandad. Isn't that lovely? Isn't grandad clever?

And immediately the public Stephen is back, flashing his polished smile.

STEPHEN

That's your father. Mind of a bureaucrat. But the heart of a poet.

Stephen senses Rachel is staring at him. He turns to her, but she has already walked away, the moment spoilt.

159 EXT. TEL AVIV - SEAFRONT RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

159

The lunch is over. Rachel and Stephen sit amongst the remains.

Rebecca and her husband are on the beach below the patio, playing with their son.

Rachel watches them from behind her dark glasses as Stephen talks.

STEPHEN

He's one of my "ears." They pick up little crumbs, anything that might be of interest. And he's a friend. He thought I'd find it funny. Someone claiming to be Vogel, all these years after we killed him. After Eichmann died, hundreds of them came out of the woodwork - *"He wasn't Eichmann, I'm Eichmann! No, I'm Eichmann."*

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

But he didn't believe it. Nobody
will believe - some old man -
he's in a *home* for God's sake!
If we just leave it...

STEPHEN

There's a journalist.

This stops her. Stephen slides her a piece of paper -
photocopied from a Ukranian newspaper, an article. The
by-line reads *Vasyl Krupskaya*. There's a photograph of
Vasyl's long face.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

He's going to interview Vogel.
That can't happen. You have to
find him, what name he's using,
what home he's in. You have to
finish this.

RACHEL

Look at me! I'm not capable of
...I'm not even an agent! This
is *insane*. I can't do this.

Stephen's face remains calm but his eyes flicker to the
other tables, making sure no-one is paying them any
attention.

STEPHEN

David's gone. If you don't do
this, who will?

Rachel can't answer this. She covers her face.

RACHEL

(Beat)

I always knew this would happen.
I knew we'd be punished. I knew
we'd have to pay.

Stephen lights a cigarette.

STEPHEN

(Quietly)

I've always thought that I'd
already been punished.

RACHEL

God doesn't plant car bombs.

STEPHEN

I wasn't referring to the
wheelchair.

They look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

If I could go back, Rachel, I'd change it all. I don't just mean the lie, I mean everything. If I could give you back a chance to be happy, to be...

He stops. She is staring back at him coldly, unmoved. He shrugs, letting that go.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

But there's one thing I would never change.

He looks over to where Rebecca is playing with her son, laughing.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(watching her)

I've always been ambitious. My career has been my life. And you know what will happen to me, if the truth comes out. But I swear to you, that means nothing to me. If Rebecca were to find out...

RACHEL

(Instantly)

She isn't going to find out.

She shakes her head, as if the idea itself were impossible.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She can never find out.

Stephen stares at her, KNOWING THAT HE HAS HER, that it's already decided.

He takes out the small BLACK CASE we've already seen and slides it across the table towards her.

She stares at it with disgust, knowing what it is. Then she takes it and puts it in her handbag.

She stands up, an elegant woman at lunch, her dark glasses, her suit...

She looks down to Rebecca, raises a hand in farewell.

Rebecca, not understanding, waves a hand in response, calls something which is lost under the sound of the sea.

STEPHEN

Go down to her. Say goodbye to her.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (3)

159

Rachel stands stock still, staring down at her daughter.

RACHEL

How can I? (Beat.) How can I?

She turns and walks away.

160 ON THE BEACH

160

Rebecca stands, shading her eyes, watching the small figure of her mother walking away from her.

161 EXT. UKRAINE - ROAD - MORNING

161

Rachel drives along the winding road leading up the hillside.

162 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - DAY.

162

A large, rather beautiful old building that has been converted into a rest home.

It stands out very starkly against the snowy grounds. A long drive leads up to the car park and the entrance.

163 I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

163

Rachel pulls over and sits staring up towards the building.

164 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. CONTINUOUS.

164

The large lobby area is busy with elderly residents, visitors and staff. A SECURITY GUARD sits at a little desk at the foot of the stairs that sweep up to the rest of the home.

Rachel walks in and joins the queue of VISITORS waiting at the long reception desk. A young male REGISTRAR is checking names against a list and handing out COLOURED PASSES.

REGISTRAR

(In Russian, to Visitor)

...but I'm sorry...you have to make an appointment. We don't have surprise visits here.

The Visitor continues to argue. Rachel stands by the desk, mind racing.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

A member of Staff joins the Registrar. She lifts BUNDLES OF MAIL onto the desk and begins to sort through them, placing the letters and parcels in the correct pigeon holes on the wall behind her.

While she is turned away, Rachel puts her handbag on the desk, BESIDE THE MAIL, makes a show of searching for something inside.

165 I/E. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

165

Rachel gets back into her car, heart racing. She opens her bag and takes out the handful of LETTERS she has stolen from the desk.

She opens the first one - junk mail, examines the second - addressed to a member of staff. At last she finds what she's looking for: a hand written letter addressed to a resident - one ANNA SOKOL.

She tears open the envelope and quickly skims its contents, reaching the bottom of the letter and the words *Your Loving Niece - Elena*.

Rachel takes out her phone and dials.

166 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

166

The Staff member beside the Registrar answers the phone.

STAFF MEMBER
Stalina Hospital.

167 I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

167

Rachel hesitates. Then...

RACHEL
(Into phone)
Hello. I'm in the area and wondered if it would be possible to visit a relative of mine today? *(She listens to the reply)* She's called Anna Sokol? *(Beat)* Tell her it's her niece, Elena.

She waits as she's put on hold. Then...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Yes? *(Beat)* Could I come any earlier? I have to leave this afternoon. *(Beat)* That's wonderful. I'll come then. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

She hangs up.

168 INT. ISRAEL - UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - EVENING

168

Five years earlier. The OLDER RACHEL is being interviewed by a FEMALE FACULTY MEMBER. Projected on a screen behind is an image of the young Rachel, Stephen and David.

The audience consists of mainly female students, hands raised.

FACULTY MEMBER

(Selecting a
student)

Yes?

STUDENT

What were you thinking at that moment? Did you think you were going to die?

Rachel seems to consider this carefully, although it's a question she's been asked thousands of times and has a carefully rehearsed answer to.

RACHEL

I'll tell you something. At that moment, when I was on the floor, I wasn't thinking about myself at all. I was thinking about my mother. And what she had suffered in Europe. I think that was what gave me the strength to get up again.

169 LATER

169

The end of the event. Rachel stands facing the applause of the audience. Her smile, her hand raised in acknowledgment - modest, dignified, a perfect performance.

170 EXT. LECTURE HALL - LATER

170

Rachel stands with a small group of young female students, about to have her photograph taken.

The girls crowd about her. The PHOTOGRAPHER gets ready, but Rachel isn't ready yet. She arranges her scarf into a more flattering shape, taking her time. Then she lifts her chin - her social smile - ready for the shot. As the photograph is taken, her SMILE SLIPS AWAY.

REVERSE

(CONTINUED)

A man is standing in the shade across the courtyard, watching.

It's OLDER DAVID, the man we met at the start of the film. He's wearing a suit, looks painfully thin.

ON RACHEL as she moves away from the young women and walks towards him.

RACHEL

David?

David smiles at her.

DAVID

Hello, Rachel.

A beat. Then he kisses her on the cheek.

RACHEL

I can't believe you're here...How did you know?

DAVID

Surveillance. Don't tell anyone but...I used to be a spy.

He laughs, something a little brittle about him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(Simon and Garfunkel)

"His bow-tie is really a camera."

Rachel still can't believe it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You look good.

RACHEL

(Lying)

You too.

DAVID

I just...I wanted to say hello.

He notices the students waiting for her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I shouldn't keep you from your fans.

There's no edge to this, but her face tightens a little.

RACHEL

Yes, I should...there's a little reception...

(CONTINUED)

There is an awkward beat. Suddenly...

DAVID

I could see you later? If you
wanted. We could eat...or...?

Rachel examines his skinny frame.

RACHEL

Do you eat?

DAVID

(Smiling)
I try and remember sometimes.

RACHEL

I'll be an hour or two.

DAVID

Altermans stays open late. I
mean...(Beat) I'd like it.

Rachel stares at him, trying to work out what's so
different about him.

RACHEL

Alright.

He smiles, turns abruptly and leaves. Rachel watches
him walk back into the shade.

INT. UNIVERSITY FUNCTION - LATER

A few University Luminaries are hosting a drinks party.
Rachel stands smiling and exchanging banalities but
she's not really present. She turns her head and
catches the eye of a small dark-haired girl who,
incongruously, is wearing a white nightdress and has
appeared in the doorway.

This is the YOUNG REBECCA, aged FOUR.

She is watching her mother intensely.

Then the YOUNG STEPHEN appears in the doorway and
scoops her up and we are in...

Late sixties. The house is cold, white, aggressively
modern.

Stephen has just come home from work. He keeps his
voice light for the child.

YOUNG STEPHEN

What's my best girl doing up?
Want me to take you to bed?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

Rebecca shakes her head.

Rachel walks in, rubbing her eyes. She's been asleep.

YOUNG RACHEL

I didn't realise the time...

Stephen looks about the room - the mess of toys etc...

STEPHEN

No. I'll take her.

RACHEL

I can manage.

Stephen looks at her.

STEPHEN

Aren't you going to change?

RACHEL

There's plenty of time.

172 REBECCA'S ROOM

172

Rachel settles Rebecca into bed.

RACHEL

Night darling.

REBECCA

I want a story.

RACHEL

It's too late. I've got a lot to do.

REBECCA

What have you go to do?

Rachel ignores her, tidies some things away. Switches the light off.

RACHEL

Good night.

173 INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

173

Rachel walks down the landing to her room. She pauses, listening to Stephen greeting their guests below.

HER P.O.V - Down at the front door, Stephen is helping a good-looking couple off with their coats.

The Man walks on ahead.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

The Woman smiles at Stephen, something between them. Then the woman follows her husband into the other room.

ON Rachel watching impassively above. Then she goes on into her bedroom.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel walks into her bedroom and opens a wardrobe. She pulls out a dress, the first one she can lay her hands on, and puts it on the bed. Then she sits at her dressing table to make up her face.

There's a half-finished glass of wine there. Rachel takes a drink. From the way she concentrates on it we know how much she needs it.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror. Then she looks at the phone.

174 INT. YOUNG DAVID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

174

The phone rings in David's apartment. We track through the rooms until we find David. He's sitting in a chair by the window, listening to it ring.

175 INT. HANGAR - DAY

175

Rachel, Stephen and David are giving a talk to a group of young Israeli soldiers. This is a well-rehearsed routine, something they have probably done many times.

RACHEL

At that moment, I don't think I was thinking about myself at all. I was thinking about my mother. I was thinking about how she had suffered in Europe.

The FACES of the soldiers, moved by this. One raises a hand.

SOLDIER

The same question to Mr. Peretz.

The others look at David, waiting for him to make his usual response.

But David doesn't move.

Stephen looks along the row. David sits staring straight ahead. The silence GROWS.

And we realize he's NOT GOING TO ANSWER.

176 I/E - CAR LATER - IN MOTION 176

Rachel and Stephen are driving home, Stephen driving too fast.

STEPHEN

That's it. I'm finished with him. Fuck him. FUCK HIM.

Rachel keeps quiet, staring out of the window. Something has come to an end for her too.

177 EXT. TEL AVIV - STREET - DAY 177

Rachel and little Rebecca get off a bus. Rachel checks an address on a piece of paper, checks Rebecca's appearance - adjusts the bow in her hair. They set off...

178 INT. YOUNG DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY 178

David opens the door.

Rachel smiles at him, Rebecca hiding a little behind her.

RACHEL

Hello. I was...we were nearby. A children's party.

She smiles again, laughs because he hasn't said anything, hasn't asked them in.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hello!

We realise she's a little drunk.

179 INT. YOUNG DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY 179

Rachel and Rebecca sit on a couch, feeling awkward. David stands in the hallway saying goodbye to two serious looking YOUNG MEN with long hair.

We hear the door close and David walks back.

RACHEL

Sorry. If I'd known you had guests I wouldn't have, uh...

David sits down, starts to roll a cigarette.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Who were they?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Friends.

RACHEL
New friends.

DAVID
New friends.

RACHEL
Good for you. Moving on. Don't
go forgetting your old friends
now.

She laughs a little. He finishes his cigarette, lights
it, stares at his hands.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
We haven't seen you for a while

DAVID
No. I've been...

He makes a vague gesture.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Thinking things through.
Thinking what I want to do.

RACHEL
You're really through with
Mossad?

David stares at her.

DAVID
Yes. I've been trying to find
something, uh...I don't know.
Something that makes a
difference.

RACHEL
Makes a difference to what?

DAVID
(Beat)
I don't know.

He smiles at last, the beautiful smile.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Charity work. Join the Beatles.
I don't know. (Beat) Maybe
teaching. Maybe abroad.

Rachel's smile fades. She stares at him.

RACHEL
Where?

(CONTINUED)

David stares at his cigarette, avoiding her gaze.

DAVID
Germany. Some friends have a
house in Bonn.

RACHEL
Some new friends?

DAVID
Yes.

She nods, angry and trying not to show it.

RACHEL
(Rebecca)
Well, good. Listen, we can't
really stay, we have to head for
home. Come on Rebecca.

David watches her gather her things, sighs.

DAVID
Have you eaten?

A cheap local cafe. Rebecca is eating a burger. Rachel
is drinking wine.

DAVID
(Looking at
Rebecca)
You got so big.

RACHEL
That happens. You haven't seen
her since she was a baby.

DAVID
I get photographs.

RACHEL
(Surprised)
Off who?

DAVID
Stephen. I thought you knew.

RACHEL
No.

DAVID
It's just, you know, first
tooth, first bike...

RACHEL
Why would he do that?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(Beat)
I don't...I don't know. I'm a
friend.

Rachel stares at him.

RACHEL

Are you? Because I ring and...

She raises her hands to indicate "nothing". David
senses this is about to come apart.

DAVID

Rebecca, honey?

RACHEL

Is that a friend? Is that
what...?

DAVID

(To Rebecca)
Would you like an ice-cream?
They have ice-cream - you go and
pick what you want.

Rebecca slips off her chair and walks off to the back
of the cafe. Rachel drains her glass.

RACHEL

Are you really going to go
abroad?

David stares at the table. Beat.

DAVID

The only thing I ever did with
my life that meant anything was
to catch him.

He runs his hands through his hair.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't want to be me anymore.

RACHEL

(Beat)
Why didn't you stop him?
Stephen. When he...he suggested
it? Why didn't...I looked at
you, I was waiting for you to
say something, to tell us what
we should...you've got no right
to blame me!

David looks at her, genuinely puzzled.

DAVID

I don't blame you.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
(starting to cry)
Then why are you *punishing* me?

DAVID
(Appalled)
I'm not.

RACHEL
Well *somebody* is!

She takes his hand, tears running down her face.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I can't take it anymore, David.
I can't *be* with him anymore.
It's poison. He's fucking other
women.

DAVID
Rachel...

RACHEL
He doesn't hide it. He doesn't
hide it because in his head,
that's *justice*. That's paying me
back.

DAVID
For what?

She looks at him like he's a child.

RACHEL
For you, David. For loving you.

They stare at each other.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Don't you love me at *all*?

She's red-faced, frightened, and he thinks of her on
the steps, before she met Vogel for the first time, so
young...

He leans over the table suddenly and kisses her, holds
her face to his.

ON REBECCA

...watching from the back of the cafe.

ON DAVID AND RACHEL

Rachel kissing him, crying.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Don't leave me. Don't leave me
here. Let me come.

DAVID
(Kissing her)
Yes.

RACHEL
Let me come with you. And
Rebecca. We can be happy. We
can.

DAVID
Yes. I know.

RACHEL
We can go together. Anywhere.
I'll come.

Trying to calm her, kissing her.

DAVID
Yes. We'll go. We will.

181 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 181

We're looking at them from across the street, through
the window, David kissing her. And they could be a
young couple in love.

182 EXT. BUS STATION - DAY 182

Rachel sits on a bench with Rebecca, waiting, a
SUITCASE by her feet. She's been here some time.

Rebecca is crying, wanting to go home. An OLD MAN,
sitting further along the bench, is trying to help by
distracting the child, is jangling a large set of keys
in her face.

RACHEL
It's okay. We're going home.
It's okay.

But she can't bring herself to stand, hoping he'll
still come...

DAVID (O.S.)
Rachel....?

183 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 183

The OLDER RACHEL sits in a vast and nearly deserted
restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

She turns round and it's the OLDER David. They stare at each other.

LATER

Rachel and David sit close together, talking quietly.

In the candle-light the damage shows more on David's face - a man who has put himself back together after a break-down.

Rachel is showing David some photographs.

RACHEL

And that's Rebecca.

DAVID

Who's this?

RACHEL

This, this is her young man...
He's 'the one.' She's sure.

DAVID

I thought young people didn't
approve of marriage?

RACHEL

Rebecca does. When Stephen and I
split up, it was... she
didn't approve.

David watches the candle.

DAVID

How did...? Did you meet
someone?

Rachel stares at him, a flash of anger she suppresses.

RACHEL

Once Rebecca went away to
college that was it. There was
no more playing 'house'. No
reason to stay so I left. He
pretends to be aggrieved, but it
suits him. He can concentrate on
his work.

DAVID

How is he, after...?

RACHEL

The same. Different. The same.
Resigned to life at a desk. He
still drives like a maniac. That
hasn't changed. Women still like
him. So I'm told.

(CONTINUED)

A pause.

DAVID
I saw him in the newspapers.
After the bomb.

RACHEL
A new role for him. Martyr.

David winces a little.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(Beat, ashamed)
I didn't mean that to sound
so...we've got into the habit of
being cruel to each other. I
know I can't judge him. My
little guest appearances, little
moments in the spotlight. I used
to feel so ashamed. Now...it's
all I've got left.

He watches her, moved. He reaches out suddenly and
takes her hand. She looks up, surprised.

DAVID
I was very nervous. About seeing
you again. I've written you
letters, lots of letters...

RACHEL
Pity you didn't send them.

This sounded a little harsh as well. She relents.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You never married?

DAVID
No. I met a woman once but...she
wasn't you. (Beat) I play this
game sometimes. I...I imagine
you're in the next room or
you're in the garden and I can
join you in just a few minutes.
I'm going to be with you. But
first, I'm just going to finish
this page and then, then, I'll
go and see what you're doing.

Rachel stares at his hands, listening, noticing without
noticing the frayed cuffs of his shirt, the dirt under
his finger-nails.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(Beat)
I was ill for a while Rachel.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: (3)

183

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's taken me a long time to get well again. I think a lot about the past now. I think about my family. I can see them again. For a long time I couldn't picture them at all, but I get little flashes now, my father shaving or one of my sisters, I see a ball of her hair on a hairbrush, just...just small things. I don't know why it's happening now, but it is. It makes me think that, maybe, I don't have to be alone anymore?

A silence while Rachel absorbs this.

RACHEL

Why did you come?

David smiles his heart-breaking smile.

DAVID

I wanted to hear you say that you love me.

Rachel stares at him.

RACHEL

I love you, David.

184 BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

184

Almost as vast and lonely as the dining room.

LONG SHOT as Rachel washes her hands at the ornamental sinks, taking her time over it.

185 HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

185

PUSHING Rachel as she walks back towards the dining room and David.

HER P.O.V We can see David within, half turned away from us, waiting for her, a solitary figure amongst the empty tables.

We HOLD on him as he waits, a faint smile on his lips, for Rachel to return from the next room.

Rachel puts her hand out to the door handle but she doesn't turn it. We realize with her that she's not going to go back in.

Rachel turns and walks quickly away.

186 INT. UKRAINE - STALINA HOSPITAL - DAY

186

Rachel approaches the Reception Desk again. A woman Registrar smiles in greeting.

RACHEL

I'm here to visit Anna Sokol?

REGISTRAR

And you are?

RACHEL

I'm her niece, Elena.

The Registrar checks her list, finds the name.

REGISTRAR

Yes, I'll just get your pass.

She fills in the large coloured pass. Rachel glances at the clock in the foyer - 1.30pm.

The Registrar hands her the pass and Rachel pins it to her jacket.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)

Room 202. Left at the top of the stairs, and left again.

RACHEL

Thank you.

She crosses the bottom of the staircase. The Security Guard checks her pass and smiles her past. Rachel starts to climb the stairs.

187 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

187

Rachel sits in a CUBICLE. She takes the BLACK CASE from her handbag and opens it. Inside is a pen. She lifts this and the false bottom of the case away to reveal a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE and an AMPULE of a clear liquid. With trembling hands she begins to prepare the injection.

188 BESIDE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

188

Rachel takes out the note she wrote at Vasyl's and checks it: *Ivan Bentok, Room 414.*

She turns to the PLAN of the home on the wall and searches for the room.

We hear the PING of the elevator and the doors beside her open to reveal the REGISTRAR she spoke to downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

REGISTRAR
(Recognising her)
Lost already?

RACHEL
Oh...no. I was just...

REGISTRAR
It's alright, I'm going that
way, I'll take you there.

She's already striding off down the corridor. Rachel
hesitates but can't see any alternative. She starts to
follow her.

The Registrar knocks at the door of room 202.

REGISTRAR
Anna? Your visitor is here.

She opens the door and leads Rachel into the room.

A very ELDERLY WOMAN is sitting by the window. She
turns to them as they enter.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)
Here's your niece come to see
you.

The Woman stares with milky eyes at the stranger in
front of her. Rachel steels herself.

Then the woman gives a faint smile.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Hello, Elena.

Rachel manages a smile, raises a hand in greeting.

REGISTRAR
I'll leave you to it.

She walks out. The Elderly Woman turns back to the
window.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You've changed your hair.

Rachel instinctively raises a hand to her hair.

RACHEL
Yes.

Silence. Rachel doesn't know what else to do, so she
sits in a chair next to the woman.

190 I/E. CAR - DAY 190

Vasyl drives along the snowy road towards the home.

191 INT. EDLERLY WOMAN'S ROOM - DAY 191

The Woman sits, still staring out of the window. Rachel looks at the clock - 1.45. She stands, almost reluctantly, as if she wishes she could stay in the warm, quiet room.

RACHEL

I'm sorry I have to go so soon.

The Elderly Woman nods.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You will come again?

RACHEL

Yes, I'll come again.

The woman nods again. Rachel crosses to the door.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What's your name?

Rachel stops, turns to face the woman's unsettling milky gaze.

RACHEL

Rachel.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Goodbye Rachel.

RACHEL

(Beat)

Goodbye.

She walks out.

192 INT. STALINA HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 192

Vasyl is at the reception desk now.

VASYL

Vasyl Krupskaya.

REGISTRAR

Are you a relative?

VASYL

I'm a journalist.

He shows a PRESS CARD.

(CONTINUED)

VASYL (CONT'D)
I'm interviewing Mr Bentok.

The Registrar examines the card and VasyL.

REGISTRAR
(Coldly)
You know he's been ill?

VASYL
He wrote to us, Miss. No one's
forcing him.

The Registrar doesn't like it but she begins to fill
out the pass.

193 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 193

Rachel stands outside ROOM 414. She listens at the door
for a moment but all is quiet. The moment she has
dreaded has finally come. She opens the door and slips
inside.

194 INT. ROOM 414 - CONTINUOUS 194

The curtains are drawn and Rachel hesitates for a
moment, her eyes adjusting to the gloom.

A MAN sits in a chair, angled towards the window, his
back to us. An IV drip hangs on a stand, its tube
running into a cannula on the back of a withered hand
which hangs from the chair.

The only sound is the faint, rasping breath of the man.

Rachel moves a little closer. On the bottom of the bed
hangs a medical chart. The name reads *Ivan Bentok*.

Rachel moves closer, carefully taking the HYPODERMIC
NEEDLE from her pocket.

195 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 195

VasyL stands in the elevator waiting for the doors to
close.

NURSE
Hold the doors please.

VasyL holds the doors, as the Nurse approaches,
escorting an ELDERLY WOMAN with a walker - the two
moving at a snails pace.

VasyL watches, impatient but amused.

196 INT. ROOM 414 - DAY

196

Rachel stands by the IV drip and tube. She can inject directly into the tube - and it will be over. She holds the tube, rests the tip of the needle against it. She struggles with herself. Just one tiny push...

She can't do it.

She stands frozen for a moment then slowly lowers the needle.

Beside her the steady breathing alters. The Man stirs and a cadaverous face turns towards us.

Rachel and Bentok stare at each other. The face is ancient, lined...but IT ISN'T THE FACE OF VOGEL.

IVAN BENTOK

(Weakly)

Are you the journalist?

Rachel sits down beside him, feeling suddenly exhausted.

IVAN BENTOK (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

RACHEL

(Beat, meaning it)

No. No, I don't.

IVAN BENTOK

My name is Klaus Vogel. I am the Surgeon of Birkenau. (Beat) Have you heard of me?

RACHEL

Yes. I've heard of you.

Bentok looks at his withered hands.

IVAN BENTOK

(Simply)

I have killed thousands. (Beat)
I'll tell you everything.
Everything.

197 BATHROOM

197

Rachel splashes water on her face. It's over. She's free to go back to her life. No one need ever know.

IVAN BENTOK

(From next door)

I have to tell it all, before I die.

(CONTINUED)

101.
197 CONTINUED: 197

Rachel straightens up and stares at her reflection.

198 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 198

Vasyl walks down the corridor, checking room numbers.
He reaches ROOM 414, knocks and opens the door, and...

199 ROOM 414 199

...finds Bentok sitting alone, staring at the curtained windows.

He walks forward.

VASYL
Mr Bentok?

Behind him Rachel slips out of the bathroom and out of the door.

200 CORRIDOR - PAY PHONE 200

Rachel dials a number, listens to the other end ring.

REBECCA (O.S.)
(Over phone)
Hello?

Rachel hesitates.

RACHEL
Rebecca?

Silence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Are you there?

REBECCA (O.S.)
Yes. (Beat. Tight) How was the journey?

RACHEL
Fine.

REBECCA (O.S.)
(Beat)
You didn't say goodbye.

RACHEL
I...I know.

There's a pause. Rebecca is summoning all her courage to have this conversation.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (O.S.)

Well, we were surprised
and...(Beat) It isn't right.
You're his grandmother and...you
don't see him as it is and just
to go like that...

RACHEL

I know. I'm sorry.

REBECCA (O.S.)

If you're angry with me, don't
take it out on...because,
because he's too young to
understand, you know?

Rachel closes her eyes, rests her head against the
phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I don't want you doing that to
him. (*Trying to keep
her voice steady*) I mean, you've
made it clear to me, my whole
life, that I've let you down, I
don't live up to you, whatever.
Alright. Fine. So take it out on
me, but don't...don't pass that
on to him.

Rachel can't speak. Rebecca's run out of courage.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Is that...Are you still there?

RACHEL

(choked)

Yes. (Pause) Rachel, you've
never...

She almost cries, fights it down.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Rachel, you've never let me
down. Not once. Not once. (Beat)
I just never lived up to you.

There's a long silence.

REBECCA

What...what's wrong? Something's
wrong.

RACHEL

Nothing's...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

You have to tell me if
something's...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Nothing's wrong.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You're crying.

RACHEL

I'm not. I'm not. Everything's
alright. (Beat) Can I come and
see you?

REBECCA

You've...you've just gone home?

RACHEL

Yes. But...I want to see you.

REBECCA

Promise me nothing's wrong?

Rachel manages a laugh.

RACHEL

I promise. I'll come
tomorrow. (Beat) And...I love
you.

She hangs up quickly. She stands for a moment,
straightens her scarf, wipes her eyes. Then she turns
and begins to walk out of the home, towards her new
life.

Rachel walks past the large room, full of elderly men
and women, a few in patients robes, others in pyjamas
or comfortable leisure clothes. They're eating plates
of food from a large BUFFET TABLE near the door.

Rachel pauses, her attention caught by something.

A large birthday CAKE complete with candles is being
carried by a Nurse over to an elderly woman.

The woman is wearing a paper hat, RED HELIUM BALLOONS
tied to a chair. Other residents clap as the cake is
presented to her and, delighted, she blows out the
candles.

Rachel watches, finds herself smiling.

One of the helium balloons breaks free and floats up
before getting caught in the air current from a wall-
mounted heater and drifting across the room.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

Some of the residents watch it drift over them, clapping like children.

Rachel watches as the balloon comes to rest on the ceiling above a table - four ELDERLY MEN playing cards, ignoring the birthday celebrations around them.

Rachel's gaze slips down to them...

And there, for a second, as he turns his face to us, we see that one of the elderly card players is KLAUS VOGEL.

Then he's standing, turning from us, walking away towards a door on the far side of the room.

Rachel stands frozen. Was it an hallucination?

Slowly, as if she was in a dream, she begins to walk after him.

As she passes the buffet table, she reaches out, almost without realising that she's doing it, and picks up a KNIFE.

202 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS. CONTINUOUS.

202

RACHEL'S P.O.V

The figure of the ELDERLY MAN walks ahead of us, turns a corner...

Rachel reaches the corner and cautiously rounds it - finds herself looking at a corridor lined with doors.

She begins to try them. Two are locked, and a third leads to an empty room.

Looking further down the corridor, however, she spots a final door...

203 INT. MEN'S REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

203

Rachel opens the door and slips silently into a stark, tiled room...

It's empty.

Cautiously Rachel steps forward. A faint sound causes her to turn and there he is, standing directly in front of her - just like in the safehouse in Berlin - Vogel.

He gives a sudden vicious movement and there's a look of utter surprise on Rachel's face as she looks down to see a PAIR OF SCISSORS projecting from her shoulder. Blood begins to stain her blouse.

(CONTINUED)

She drops the knife to the floor, and staggers backwards, falling against the side of a cubicle. Her feet skid away from her on the slick tiles and she falls to the floor.

VOGEL stands over her. His voice is a dull rasp.

VOGEL

You Jews never knew how to kill.
Only how to die.

He bends, carefully, slowly, retrieves the knife, stands, swaying, staring at it.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

We did well didn't we. We kept
the secret for a long time. It's
hard isn't it? I broke first. I
told Bentok. Told him
everything.
Maybe I was tired of hiding.

He shakes his head, as if in wonder.

Rachel moves her lips, but no words come out. Vogel looks down at her.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Maybe I wanted this.

He begins to reach down towards her with the knife, his shrivelled hand pulling her head back so he can reach her throat.

The he gives a gasp of pain, eyes closed, his whole body doubling with the pain, hands weakly scrabbling at the scissors Rachel has stabbed into his thigh.

He falls, almost on top of Rachel, and she finds herself pressed against his contorted face as he hisses and spits in agony.

His hand searches blindly for the dropped knife.

Rachel grapples with him, almost embracing him, apparently trying to prevent him for reaching it.

His searching hand locates the knife and his eyes open in triumph, staring straight into Rachel's. He raises the knife above his head.

Then he stabs Rachel in the stomach.

Rachel knife-jacks, as if she's been punched.

Then...nothing. Both lie still. The only sound is Vogel's rasping breathing.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly Vogel gathers himself, drops the knife, gets onto his knees - the victor.

He climbs to his feet and begins to limp towards the door.

He stops, sensing something's wrong, something in his back. He twists around trying to locate the source of the strange sensation. And there it is - the HYPODERMIC NEEDLE Rachel has stuck between his shoulders.

He touches it with his fingertips, eyes wide with horror, feeling the rush of lethal chemicals through his blood. He twists again trying to pull the needle free but his legs are already giving way and he collapses to the floor. Moments later he's dead.

Rachel stares at him, wills herself to get up.

A disappointed Vasyl is finishing his interview with Bentok. It obviously hasn't taken him long to work out this was a wild goose chase.

IVAN BENTOK

It comes down to blood. We weren't afraid of power. It was our destiny. The slave races had bred with apes. But we Aryans are descendents of the Theozoa who come from another planet. We were born to rule and to...

He dissolves into a fit of weak coughing. Vasyl has had enough and switches off his Dictaphone.

VASYL

Alright, I don't want to tire you out anymore, Mr Bentok. I think I have everything I need.

He puts his notebook and Dictaphone in his briefcase.

VASYL (CONT'D)

You know, your son rang me just before I came here. He claims you spent the war in Switzerland, working on a dairy farm.

Bentok frowns into space, apparently deaf to this remark. Vasyl stands up and Bentok focuses upon him again.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN BENTOK

Do you want to take a
photograph? The last photograph
of the Surgeon of Birkenau?

He struggles to his feet, arm raised in the Nazi
salute, a pathetic sick man. A BOOK that has been lying
on his lap falls to the floor.

VASYL

(Sighs)
Maybe another time.

He bends over to pick up the book.

IVAN BENTOK

That is for you. The woman left
it for you.

VASYL

Which woman?

IVAN BENTOK

The other journalist.

Vasyl examines the book. It is Rachel's copy of *In Our
Hands*. He pulls out a folded sheet of paper - "Vasyl"
written on it. He opens the note and begins to read
Rachel's confession. He sits down, stunned.

We hear the opening of *House of the Rising Sun* as we...

CUT TO:

205 EXT. STALINA HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

205

We are TRACKING with Rachel as she walks down the steps
of the hospital and begins to walk down the drive,
staring steadily ahead.

Blood begins to spot the snow behind her.

RACHEL (V.O.)

We shouldn't forget how young
they were.

She walks on.

CUT TO:

206 INT. BOOKSHOP - TEL AVIV - DAY

206

Rebecca stands at a podium, reading at another
promotional event.

(CONTINUED)

108.
206 CONTINUED: 206

REBECCA (V.O.)
My father, Stephen Gold was
twenty nine years when he was
awarded his Order Ribbon.

CUT TO:

207 YOUNG RACHEL'S P.O.V - THE PAST 207

The opening SHOT of the film.

We are in darkness. Then a DOOR opens ahead of us and
slides to one side revealing an oval of brilliant white
light.

Slowly we TRACK FORWARD towards the harsh light.

REBECCA (V.O.)
David Peretz had turned twenty
eight whilst on the mission.

CUT TO:

208 OLDER RACHEL 208

...walking on through the snow.

REBECCA (V.O.)
My mother was even younger.

CUT TO:

209 AIRPORT RUNWAY - THE PAST 209

YOUNG RACHEL'S P.O.V -

We're at the top of an AIRPLANE STAIRWAY, which leads
down to the runway below, and two lines of waiting
DIGNITARIES, applauding.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Only twenty five....

CUT TO:

210 OLDER RACHEL 210

Walking on - a small lone figure against the white of
the snow.

REBECCA (V.O.)
They received a hero's
welcome...

211 AIRPORT RUNWAY - THE PAST 211

The three YOUNG PEOPLE begin their descent down the stairs towards the WELCOME PARTY.

REBECCA (V.O.)
...and my mother in particular
was to become a symbol of
Israeli courage.

CUT TO:

212 OLDER RACHEL 212

...now almost disappearing into the white.

REBECCA (V.O.)
All this, despite the fact that
they had failed.

CUT TO:

213 AIRPORT RUNWAY - THE PAST 213

We CLOSE on Young Rachel as she blinks against the harsh sunlight, takes out a pair of sunglasses and slips them on. Then she steps forward to accept her reward.

FADE OUT.